The Outlook

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THE CASE OF ANDREW TOTH

For nearly twenty years Andrew Toth, once a steel-worker at Braddock, Pennsylvania, lived and worked in prison. He had been sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Last week he left the prison, an aged man, though not over sixty-two—but free. For all these years he has been suffering punishment for a crime which another man committed. Until the day that he stepped forth from the prison he had never seen a building more than eight stories high. Some of the sights familiar to the ordinary citizen were strange to him as he went through the streets; but the automobile and the flying-machine had both come within his vision as he had looked out from the prison window. He plans to return to his native Hungary. The question has arisen, Does not the injustice of this man's imprisonment show that the law, so far from being too technical, has not yet provided enough safeguards for the wrongfully accused? An attorney has actually written to The Outlook saying that the story of Andrew Toth's imprisonment "indicates the danger towards which we drift as we disregard 'technicalities' in legal procedure." He furthermore adds, "Limitations on the right of appeal now urged are fraught with similar peril." We have not examined at first hand the decision in Toth's case, but the reports of that case that have appeared in the despatches indicate that Toth was convicted, not because he did not have every opportunity to raise a legal defense, nor because he was denied appeal, but because the jury believed testimony which was later shown to be untrue. And the evidence, we understand, on which Toth was convicted was not circumstantial, but direct! So far from discouraging any efforts to secure the removal of technicalities from our judicial processes, the Toth case indicates that the value of technicalities as a means of avoiding possible injustice has been greatly overestimated. No amount of technicalities will make sure that a jury will be able to distinguish between the true and the false in direct evidence. It would seem as if society, having made a grievous error, should make reparation. Whether there is any practicable way by which such reparation can be legally assumed by the State is not a matter that can be discussed offhand. The prominence attained by this case suggests, however, the rarity of this sort of miscarriage of justice.

THE ASSAULT ON BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Dr. Booker T. Washington, recognized universally not only as in many respects the most distinguished leader in the progress of the Negro race in America but also as one of the really great educators of his time, was brutally and painfully assaulted on Sunday, March 19, in New York City. He was in the vestibule of an apartment-house, looking for the name of a man with whom he had been informed the auditor of Tuskegee Institute was staying. Not being sure of the name, he had pushed the bell-button under a name most like the one he had in mind, and had received no answer; after walking up and down the block to await the occupants' possible return, had rung the bell again; and was for the third time examining the name plate, when he was suddenly set upon, first by one man and then by another. His principal assailant states that he suspected Dr.

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Washington of being an irresponsible Negro prowling about for no good purpose; without any adequate effort to become sure whether his suspicions were correct or not, he made the assault. Dr. Washington's assailant has been arraigned in court. That a man of Dr. Washington's standing should be subjected to such an experience has justly aroused indignation. President Taft has expressed the feeling of all good Americans who know of Dr. Washington's work. In a letter written by his own hand, not by the hand of a secretary, in which he expresses sympathy and hope for speedy recovery "from wounds inflicted by insane suspicion and viciousness," the President says, "I want you to know that your friends are standing by you." Southern newspapers have taken this occasion to point out that in all his journeyings through the South Dr. Washington has moved with perfect safety, and that he has had to wait for such an experience as this until he came to New York. The lesson which this outrage carries with it is, however, one that the whole country, without regard to section, needs to learn. Too many Americans are prone to take the law into their own hands. Too many are ready to act on an impulse as prosecuting attorney, judge, jury, and executioner. The citizen who decides to act as his own policeman is likely to fall into as serious and damaging error as did Dr. Washington's assailant; but, if he is to be held accountable for his error, the city should see to it that he can have recourse to a police force that he can trust. At present the people of New York have no such assurance. The assault on Dr. Washington is but a conspicuous instance of lawless violence which has become too common in that great city. Indeed, one of the magistrates of New York has, at considerable risk to his own position, openly declared, with specification, that in that city "every one who has given the most cursory attention to conditions must be aware of the great and alarming increase of crime," and lays the responsibility upon the Mayor for its cause, namely, the demoralization of the police force. The first duty of a community is to maintain law and order. Dr. Washington's painful experience may not have been in vain if it will help to arouse public attention to the primary need of adequate protection for life and limb.

THE ROOSEVELT DAM

To many people the words Conservation and Reclamation have a very academic sound. There is nothing academic, however, about the enormous structure whose completion was celebrated last week at Roosevelt, Arizona. This is one of the greatest dams in the world. By it an inconceivable amount of water will be stored for the purpose of bringing fertility to an otherwise barren soil. The great reservoir which this dam makes is, in fact, a lake in the mountains. If the water it contains were spread out, it would virtually flood the State of Delaware a foot deep. This dam is a conspicuous feature of what is known as a "reclamation project," the product of that enormously valuable bureau of the Federal Government, the Reclamation Service. It is situated in what has been one of the desert regions of the world. A stream known as the Salt River has for centuries flowed futilely through that seared land. When, in the spring, the snow on the distant range of mountains has melted, this stream has become a great torrent; but later in the year it has become a mere ribbon of a stream winding through a rainless country. Under the stimulating influence of President Roosevelt, the Federal Government undertook to imprison that torrent and transform it into a great lake—the largest artificial lake, it is said, in the world. From that lake the water is conveyed through aqueduct and ditch to the land that lies below. On its way down to refresh and make fertile the soil, the water from this dam will be set to work for the purpose of pumping more water from underground natural reservoirs. It is estimated that the water from the mountains and from the subterranean supply will reclaim considerably more than two hundred thousand acres of land, transforming it from a desert to one of the most fertile and productive of regions. This great project has not been finished without difficulty, turmoil, and opposition. As Mr. Roosevelt, who was a speaker at the celebration last week, saw what was accomplished, he was looking upon what

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was largely a product of his own idealism. Generation upon generation in the future will owe their homes and their very existence to this great handiwork of man. And in those years men will remember the name of the man who has borne the responsibilities of the task and has had to contest with others that he might do his work well, the Director of the Reclamation Service, Frederick Haynes Newell.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS

If the condition of the postal savings banks was satisfactory at the expiration of their first month's business, the condition is still more satisfactory at the expiration of the second month's. Postal banks have been established in forty-eight second-class post-offices. During the two months nearly four thousand accounts have been opened, and nearly seven thousand separate deposits made. The average amount of each deposit is $21.50. In the two months but 259 accounts were closed by the drawing out of the deposits. The net amount on deposit is now over $133,000. But the most interesting feature of the two months' history is the fact that many of the largest average balances come from the smaller places. For instance, Globe, Arizona, stands first in the average balance of the depositors, the amount being $70.63. Moreover, the postal depositories in the Western section of the country are more patronized than in the East. The largest number of depositors is reported from Leadville, Colorado. If the Postal Savings System should be patronized in the same proportion when it is established at all money-order offices, the total amount on deposit after a years' operation ought to be about two hundred million dollars. In the use of the half-million dollars appropriated by the recent Congress for the extension of the system, 202 additional postal savings depositories are to be established; other extensions will follow. The total population of the forty-eight towns in which the present depositories have been established is only about three hundred and seventy thousand. It was deemed advisable to select offices of the second class, rather than those of the first class, in which to make the initial experiments, and the same rule will be followed in the next extension. The system, we are glad to say, is now well beyond the experimental stage.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE—

Two months ago The Outlook commented upon a case under the Pure Food Law which is now before the United States Supreme Court. The question involved in the case is whether the provision of the law which prohibits inter-State commerce in any drug "the package or label of which shall bear any statement which shall be false or misleading in any particular" applies to false or misleading claims of curative power. A correspondent questions our conclusion that, if the present law does not forbid the printing of false or misleading claims with regard to the remedial properties of a patent medicine, Congress ought to amend the law so that such claims will be prohibited. The argument of our correspondent appears to be that it is entirely possible to find authorities, in the case of any medicinal remedy whatever, who will assail the legitimacy of the remedy and declare that it does not have the powers claimed for it. He says: "If the Government desired to assail the legitimacy of an allopathic remedy, I would agree to produce any amount of expert testimony of homœopathists of National standing that the remedy in question not only will not relieve or cure but will aggravate its failure to help by doing positive harm. . . . If a homœopathic remedy is attacked by an allopath on the same charge . . . I can produce any amount of allopathic testimony that the homœopathic medicine will fail to have any effect whatever on the human system." What, then, he asks, shall be the standard? Is there any safe test of guilt in the case of the manufacturer of medicine who makes false claims of therapeutic value? In the absence of such a standard, of such safe test of quality, he contends, the law ought not to make it a crime to make false or misleading statements in regard to curative or remedial properties. Our correspondent's logic is keen, but it cuts too deep. The contention that it is possible to produce a mass of expert testimony against the claims of curative value of any pro-

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prietary remedy is, in our opinion, not an argument for throwing open the doors wide for the admission of every claim of remedial properties by any vender of patent medicines. It is rather an argument for closing the doors to the narrowest possible crack, or, if necessary, hermetically sealing them against every such claim. We believe that we are right in saying that no reputable school of medicine contends that any given drug is a specific for any particular disease. Exception may perhaps be made in the case of quinine for certain forms of malaria and perhaps of one other drug; but the statement is, on the whole, we believe, incontestable. Our correspondent's argument, which we understand is the practically universal argument of the manufacturers of proprietary medicines, is in effect this: Since in the case of no drug will expert opinion agree that it has curative power in any given disease, let us not prohibit the making of any claims of curative power at all. Accepting his premise, we would turn his conclusion in exactly the opposite direction: Since in the case of no drug will expert opinion agree that it has curative power in any given disease, let us prohibit every claim of curative or remedial power which the vender cannot prove, to the satisfaction of a disinterested court, to be well founded, and, if necessary, let us prohibit every claim of curative power whatever. The terrible evils which have followed the former course are unquestioned by any man who is intelligent and informed. The elimination of these evils would far more than counterbalance, in the promotion of the public welfare, any loss that might come from the adoption of the latter course.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN COMMISSION GOVERNMENT

At least one city which in 1910 adopted the commission form of government has discovered that it does not necessarily furnish a cheap and easy cure-all for every municipal ailment, and that there is need of honest and efficient men in office, no matter what the charter may be. Tacoma, Washington, elected its first Commission, of five members, about a year ago. There was a large number of candidates, and the vote, as a whole, was pretty well spread over the ticket, but the less desirable elements in the city proved more united than the better and succeeded in electing their men. The result was that for several months Tacoma was a "wide open town." Then a movement was started to invoke the recall, and the Mayor and the Commissioner of Public Safety, who are the officers particularly charged with the enforcement of the laws, became alarmed and suddenly shifted their ground. The Commissioner of Public Safety instructed the police to enforce the laws rigidly, and the Mayor introduced an ordinance forbidding treating in saloons. Such an eleventh-hour repentance served to antagonize the elements that had placed them in office, without making many friends among the better class of voters, and the agitation for the recall went on. At this writing there appears to be no doubt that a special election will be held within a few weeks, directed against all five Commissioners. If the movement succeeds as well as that which recently took place in Seattle, Tacoma will have an entirely new Commission, and probably a much better one than at present. Both cities, however, have found that the successful invoking of the recall is an arduous task, and one not to be lightly entered upon in the future. In the meantime Spokane, undeterred by Tacoma's ill fortune, has adopted the commission plan, and on March 7 elected her first set of Commissioners. One of Spokane's new Commissioners is a clergyman. On the same day Seattle followed up the recent recall of her Mayor by electing a new City Council which bears a strong resemblance to a commission. Heretofore Seattle has had eighteen Councilmen elected on partisan tickets, four at large and fourteen from the fourteen wards. Henceforth, under a recently adopted amendment to the city charter, there are to be only nine, all elected at large on a non-partisan ticket, after nomination at a direct primary. All the members of the old Council, and fifty other persons besides, were candidates for the new, and the task of uniting the voters of the city on nine men who should be both upright and capable seemed a difficult and dangerous one. But with the help of a

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large Citizens' Committee, chosen in such a way as to be representative of all classes, which investigated the records of the sixty-eight candidates and reported on them somewhat after the manner of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, the thing was done, and the personnel of the new Council is a great improvement over that of the old. In most of the cities of the Pacific Coast there appears to be, at present, a decided tendency toward a much more strict enforcement of the laws. Los Angeles, since the recall of Mayor Harper, is a thoroughly "closed town." Seattle is following her example. Tacoma is struggling in the same direction. And one of the most significant features of San Francisco's new charter is the provision by which a recall election may be held on the filing of a petition signed by a number of registered voters equal to ten per cent of the entire vote at the last municipal election. In Seattle and Tacoma twenty-five per cent is required.

THE RESIGNATION OF RUSSIA'S PRIME MINISTER

On Monday, March 20, P. A. Stolypin, Minister of the Interior and Premier in the Czar's Government, resigned his position, and was succeeded by V. N. Kokovtsef, Minister of Finance. Later not very positive cabled reports state that Mr. Stolypin's resignation has been withdrawn. The retirement of Mr. Stolypin was wholly unexpected, and the reasons for it have not yet been made clear. Some attribute it to the rejection by Parliament of the Government's bill for the establishment of *zemstvos* in the western provinces, while others regard it as the result of a conflict over Russia's policy in the Far East, and particularly the threatening attitude of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs toward China. Russian newspapers of as late a date as March 8 contain no intimation of a conflict between the Cabinet and the Czar, or of serious differences of opinion with regard to any measure then pending. Mr. Stolypin was made Prime Minister on July 22, 1906, just after the dissolution of the First Duma. He was not the Czar's first choice for Premier, but in that time of terrorism and assassination it was not easy to find a Russian statesman who was willing to take the personal risk involved in the acceptance of such a responsibility, and the position was not offered to Stolypin until a number of better-known men had declined it. It was then tendered to him because he was thought to be a man of indomitable courage and resolution, and the events of the next two years proved that he was possessed of these characteristics in a very high degree. Even when his house was blown to pieces and his daughter severely wounded by the bombs of the terrorists, in August, 1906, he showed no sign of weakness or fear, and continued to pursue with unshaken determination the policy that he had previously outlined. Mr. Stolypin's objects, as repeatedly set forth by himself in the early part of his administration, were, first, "restoration of order," and, second, "progressive reform." There can be no question whatever that, so far as revolutionary violence is concerned, the first of these objects has been fully attained. The revolutionary movement has been thoroughly and effectively crushed, and the "order" that was once said to "reign in Warsaw" now prevails throughout the Empire. This state of tranquillity, however, has been attained at immense cost. The Russian statistician A. B. Ventin, in an article entitled "Five Years' Totals," recently published in the well-known review "Contemporary World," of St. Petersburg, set forth the losses of the Russian people in their struggle for freedom as follows:

Killed and wounded in pogroms, punitive expeditions, street fighting, and partisan warfare.....	58,472
Judicially punished by civil and military courts (including 3,015 hanged and 6,735 sent into penal servitude)	37,620
Banished by the Central Government and still in exile in October, 1910.....	22,588
Total.....	118,680

If we add to these figures the number imprisoned or exiled by prefects and governors under the provisions of martial law, of which there is no available record, the grand total will probably reach 200,000, and may far exceed that number. In a debate in the Second Duma on military courts and the death penalty, March 13, 1907, one of the Liberal members dramatically accused the Premier of "coming into the Duma with bloody hands." "Yes,"

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replied Stolypin, "but they are the bloody hands of the conscientious surgeon, not of the executioner." Whether the methods and results statistically outlined by Mr. Ventin are compatible with the ethics and practice of "conscientious surgery" or not is a question to which different answers may be given by different people; but such, at least, was the nature of the Governmental activity which Mr. Stolypin described as "strong-handed restoration of order."

STOLYPIN'S POLICY OF PROGRESSIVE REFORM

If the second part of Mr. Stolypin's programme had been executed as vigorously and successfully as the first part, the world would have reason to regard him as one of the greatest Ministers who ever served under a Russian Czar; but, unfortunately, the Premier lacked either the will or the power to carry out his plans and live up to his professions. It was expected by some of his Liberal supporters—notably the Octobrists—that when he had completely re-established order, he would try to give practical effect to the promises made by the Czar in the Freedom Manifesto; but, instead of doing this, he originated or sanctioned an unconstitutional amendment of the election laws which gave him a subservient Duma, and then introduced a series of sham reform measures, which bore such promising titles as the "Religious Freedom Bill" and the "Inviolability of Person Bill," but which, in effect, did not do what they purported to do. Meanwhile he continued to govern the country by martial law; began a repressive campaign against Liberal newspapers and societies, which he said were "the fuses that lighted the Bengal fires of the revolution;" and sanctioned, or condoned, all sorts of illegal invasions of personal and political rights by his governors and chiefs of police. Never, probably, since the reign of Nicholas I has Russia been more despotically governed than in the last four years, and never, certainly, has there been more administrative lawlessness on the part of bureaucratic officials of all ranks, from governors-general to *zemski nachalnicks*. Mr. Stolypin expressly stated, in the early part of his term, that he was "not an anti-Semite," and that he did not favor anti-Semitic measures; and yet the persecution of the Jews under his administration has been so savage and ruthless as to attract the attention of the whole civilized world. He declared, at one time, that people who obeyed the laws, and did not plot revolution, had nothing to fear at his hands; and yet he did not hesitate to attack the constitutional autonomy of the Finns, who had taken no part in the revolutionary movement, and who were willing to make any concessions to the Central Government that did not deprive their Diet of its well-established right to participate in the discussion and settlement of local questions. Nearly five years have now elapsed since Stolypin became Minister of the Interior in the Goremykin Cabinet, and more than four years since he was appointed Premier; and yet Russia is still waiting for the freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of association, and freedom of assembly which were promised in the Czar's manifesto of October 30, 1905. So far as these "four freedoms" are concerned, the country is little better off now than it was under the reactionary administration of von Plehve. In one of his speeches in the Duma Stolypin half apologized for the slowness of his "progressive reform" by saying that he had to work with antiquated instruments, or, as he figuratively expressed it, "shoot with flintlock muskets." To this one of the Liberal members wittily replied that it was not so much a question of weapons as of aim. If his Excellency intended to keep on shooting at the people, it was better to use flintlock muskets than Mausers. It would be unfair to close even a brief review of Stolypin's Ministerial career without referring to the great service that he has unquestionably rendered in bringing to light, and partially checking, the financial dishonesty which has so long prevailed in the civil and military administration of the Empire. The "revisions," or, as we should call them, investigations, of Senators Garin, Pahlen, Neihart, and others, which were made on the Premier's initiative, have carried consternation into the ranks of the thieves, embezzlers, and grafters of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Warsaw, and other large Russian cities, and have already led to the arrest and

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prosecution of many civil and military officials who occupied very high and responsible positions. Sixty-seven officers of the commissary and quartermaster's departments were recently indicted and held for trial in the Moscow military district alone. Baron Meyendorf, a prominent member of the Octobrist party in the Third Duma, expressed the opinion, nearly two years ago, that Stolypin's most dangerous enemies were the civil and military officials of very high rank who were implicated in the frauds and corrupt business transactions that the Premier's revisers were uncovering. It is not improbable, therefore, that Stolypin's position has been undermined by influences that have their origin in circles very near the throne. The legislative measure by which Stolypin's name will be longest remembered is probably the Agrarian Settlement Act of November 9–22, 1906. This law, which has for its object the breaking up of the Russian peasant communes, and the transformation of communal tenants into small landed proprietors, or freeholders, is likely to make a momentous change in the economic status of the Russian peasant population; but whether this change will be for the better or the worse is not yet certain. Theoretically, it should greatly improve the communal peasant's condition; but it may result in an extensive transfer of land from the weaker class to the stronger, and in the formation of a large agricultural proletariat.

A RADICAL DIFFERENCE

We have received a copy of "The Orient" from the Bible House at Constantinople which has an article on Pius X and the Oriental churches, containing what professes to be a circular letter addressed by the Roman Pontiff to the archbishops who were delegates of the Holy See at Constantinople, and in Greece, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Syria, and the East Indies. This letter, dated at St. Peter's, December 26, 1910, expresses a strong desire to see the day when the wall between the Roman Church and the Eastern Church shall be broken down, and there shall be "one flock and one shepherd," but proceeds to point out what the Holy Father regards as an insuperable obstacle to such union:

> An article published recently in the "Roma e l'Oriente," entitled "Thoughts on the Question of the Union of the Churches," has caused us great grief. For this article makes the following statements, no less audacious than false: namely, that the dogma of the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Son does not depend on the very words of the Gospel, and is not proven by the belief of the Fathers of the Church. Further, doubt is lightly expressed as to whether the sacred dogmas concerning Purgatory and the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin were known by the doctors of the first centuries. The error already condemned by Innocent X, that St. Paul should be regarded in all points as the equal of St. Peter, is repeated. Likewise the equally false opinion is expressed that in the first centuries the Catholic Church was not on the monarchical principle, that is, that the Primacy of the Roman Church has no solid basis.

This statement makes still more clear the impossibility of any union at the present time, or in the near future, between Protestant Churches and the Roman Catholic Church. The difficulty is not merely that Protestant Churches do not believe in the dogmas set forth in this paragraph; they do not believe that it makes any particular difference to a man's Christian character whether he believes in those dogmas or not. To be a Christian is to be a disciple, or pupil, and the follower of Jesus Christ, and no searcher after truth can find that Jesus Christ anywhere made loyalty to him dependent on belief of any of these dogmas. One might believe in the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Son, in Purgatory, and in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin without being a pupil in Christ's school or a member of Christ's army. And, on the other hand, he might be accepted by Christ as a true representative of the spirit which he came to inspire in the children of men and be as ignorant of such dogmas as was the good Samaritan. The radical question between the modern Protestants and the Roman Catholic Church, as represented by this letter from the Roman Pontiff, is not, What dogmas shall we believe? but, Is Christianity a series of dogmas to be believed, or a life of justice, mercy, compassion, and love to be lived? So long as there is no agreement upon this question, union

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between the parties in an ecclesiastical organization is quite hopeless of achievement.

"AS A MAN THINKETH"

A new play by Mr. Augustus Thomas is an event worthy of special note in the New York theatrical season, not so much because he is always deft in handling dramatic material effectively as because he sets his audiences thinking. Mr. Thomas is too experienced in dealing with social problems to attempt final answers to the questions his situations raise, but his contributions towards solution abound in suggestion and frank reasoning. "As a Man Thinketh" is so cleverly constructed as a play, has so many quick flashes of wit, and develops its situations so smoothly and easily, that one never for a moment thinks it didactic; yet there are long passages of exposition of social and moral principle as related to conduct; and indeed it is the greatest triumph of the playwright that these very passages form the most critical points in the play, and hold the audience most closely. There are really three problems involved in the action of this drama: the social relations of Jew and Christian, the question of a double standard of honor as regards marital unfaithfulness by husband or wife, and the effect on both moral and physical health of a sane and wholesome way of looking at life—"as a man thinketh, so is he." In Dr. Selig, acted admirably and with fine reserve by Mr. John Mason, the playwright has given us a noble type of the high-minded Jew. Dr. Selig is physician and counselor—wise in driving out hate with forbearance; with him is contrasted a Jewish art critic, not moral, a disturber of peace, yet by no means a contemptible person. So, too, with the Christian characters—that which is good and bad, noble and ignoble, is shown to exist outside of race lines. The problem of race antagonism is not pushed to a harsh issue; the subject is treated delicately, fairly, with refinement and justice. As to the second question, that of the so-called dual standard of morality as between men and women, Mr. Thomas gives us exposition rather than argument. The situation is conventionally theatrical and the emotional note is perhaps a little strained, but the method of presentation and the writing of the scenes are far above the ordinary drama of the day. Finally, the scene in which the good doctor, with soothing conviction, shows a husband tortured with suspicion and jealousy that hatred is poison and faith is well-being is one that is eminently characteristic of Mr. Thomas's methods, and is not hurt by one or two ironic touches, such as that whereby the mental and moral cure is "cinched," so to speak, by the production of legal proof, and that in which the doctor is suddenly called upon to practice his methods upon himself, with results not altogether clear. It is a pleasure to record that the company is in every character adequate to interpret this interesting play with quiet efficiency, and that the actors and actresses support one another with a certainty and force far from common.

A MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL ART

As far back as 1864 John La Farge and the Paulist Fathers began to confer on the architecture and decoration of the Paulist Church in New York City. Their efforts, however, met with many difficulties and discouragements, for at that time Americans had become accustomed to imitations; they actually preferred shams to the real thing. The Paulists persisted, however, even though it was commonly said of them that they were "good men, but mad as March hares." The church walls were built so thick that the structure came to be looked upon as a joke. It was dubbed a fort. So it was, declares Mr. Harris—a fort where American art was fortified against the corrupting influences of the time. The church exterior is still bare and grim, but one day it is to be embellished with colored mosaics and bas-reliefs, lending a gleam of splendor to an otherwise dull neighborhood. But the interior! In its decoration Mr. La Farge gained the experience which made him the one man in America able to take charge of Trinity Church, Boston, when in 1876 that building was decorated. He did twenty-two great stained-glass windows in the Paulist Church and painted nine decorative panels there. Other artists were also employed. Frederick Mac-

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Monnies's first commission was for the sculpture of the high altar. Robert Reid, Bela Pratt, and Philip Martiny also worked in the church. Augustus Saint-Gaudens and Thomas W. Dewing were called in consultation. Thus the church is really a museum of American ecclesiastical art. During the past twelve years the scheme of decoration has been carried on by Mr. William Laurel Harris, who described it in a recent lecture before the Municipal Art Society of New York. The general decorative motive is the parable of the vine—hence the possibility for continuous ornamental bands to go from one end of the great church to the other. This motive is varied in each side chapel by special symbolic ornamentation. Art may be of vital aid to religion, and the work done during nearly half a century in the Paulist Church ought to be an indication of that aid.

A PARIS MISSION

We are hardly apt to associate the name of France with mission work, and yet, after fifty years of endeavor, French missionaries have transformed the formerly miserable Basuto nation into a progressive nation of four hundred and fifty thousand souls, with flourishing schools and self-government. The Paris Evangelical Missionary Society as conducted by Dr. Alfred Boegner deserves mention. Pasteur Boegner is an Alsatian; he has now arrived in America, and thus Americans will have a greater chance of learning about a matter of which they are, in general, too ignorant, the missionary work of France in Africa and elsewhere. After studying at the University of Strassburg, Dr. Boegner became a home missionary in the north of France, and then Director of the Paris Missionary Society, an organization supported by the free-will offerings of French Protestants. Its work has been especially among the Basutos of South Africa, in the French Congo, in Madagascar, in the French Sudan, Senegal, and in French Oceania. Every one knows what Livingstone did in Africa, but not every one knows about François Coillard, Livingstone's worthy successor, who has dotted the banks of the Zambesi River with missionary stations, and has succeeded in implanting Christianity in one of the hardest soils ever cultivated by missionary zeal. Be it noted that this missionary zeal was that of the comparatively few French Protestants in a nation of thirty-nine million souls—that being the present population of France. If the continent of Africa is ever redeemed to Christianity and civilization, the work of Frenchmen there will have been of vital import. There is something inspiring in the generous rivalry of the Christian nations for primacy in missionary work.

A NEW FARMING ERA

During the past half-century various events have affected agriculture. First, as the farm lands of the prairie States were given away and farmers were set to compete with farmers, labor became scarce and a large percentage of the land in the prairie States went into pasture, because farmers could not get help. Second, while population has increased, the immigrants have generally remained in our cities because no steps were taken to send to the country those who had come from agricultural pursuits abroad. Third, though one man with machinery could do more than he had done without it, as the management of machinery must be by trained experts and as the only place to train them is on the farm, and as there have never been enough of these trained men, prices in general have advanced. As a result, agriculture has become less profitable, and bright young farm lads have thought they could do better at anything else than farming. Moreover, education in farming has been neglected. The country schools have not prepared the way as they should have for the work done by the Department of Agriculture and the various experiment stations and agricultural colleges. Yet that work is beginning to tell. The acreage yield has changed from a decreasing to an increasing trend, and lands are proportionately advancing in value. The more primary and wider education, now sure to come, will give the boy a real interest in the farm, because it will make the farm economically more worth while. This is the essential thing to influence boys to remain on the farm or to influence other boys to come back to the farm—a

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demonstration that the farm offers as good an opportunity for making much of life as does any other branch of industry. On the social side the boy is also beginning to realize, we are sure, that farm work is accompanied with more advantages than formerly. The telephone, the rural free delivery, the automobile, the tendency towards living in small farming social centers, as in Europe, instead of in too detached residences—all these factors indicate that the day has passed when the farmer is the only worker supposed to get along with just as few comforts and pleasures of life as possible. Educationally, economically, and socially, we believe, the farmer is now entering on a new era.

THE CABINET CRISIS IN MEXICO

The resignation at the end of last week of the entire Cabinet of President Diaz confirms the belief that the state of political unrest, apart from armed rebellion, is serious and requires judicious treatment. The insurgent leaders declare that this Cabinet crisis indicates that the Cabinet wished Diaz to accede to certain measures of reform and concessions to the insurgents, and that he would not yield to his Ministers. A more probable interpretation is that the time has come for a more progressive policy in Mexico, and that the Cabinet as it stood was not the right political instrument for that purpose. It has been charged that President Diaz has been surrounded by an oligarchy of wealthy landowners, that the tax law is unduly favorable to these landowners, and that a new system of taxation should be instituted to promote the growth of the agricultural class and to break up the large holdings of land owned by a few wealthy men. It is predicted that a new Cabinet will be formed composed of younger and more progressive men, and it is thought probable that Señor Limantour, who has just returned from Europe and the United States and understands the international situation thoroughly, will aid President Diaz in a reorganization which will promote the interests of the people at large, and especially the agricultural and working classes. In a measure this Cabinet crisis in Mexico was probably foreseen by the United States Government, and it indicates a state of political agitation which justifies our Government in taking reasonable measures to be prepared to protect American interests in Mexico if necessary, to preserve neutrality, and to warn the world that the United States will not allow anything like anarchy in Mexico.

NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

*This concludes the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on "Nationalism and Progress."—*THE EDITORS.

A man must first care for his own household before he can be of use to the State. But no matter how well he cares for his household, he is not a good citizen unless he also takes thought of the State. In the same way, a great nation must think first of its own internal affairs; and yet it cannot substantiate its claim to be a great nation unless it also thinks of its position in the world at large.

The United States of America has not the option as to whether it will or will not play a great part in the world. It *must* play a great part. All that it can decide is whether it will play that part well or badly. And it can play it badly if it adopts the rôle either of the coward or of the bully. Nor will it help it in the end to avoid either part if it play the other. It must avoid both. Democratic America can be true to itself, true to the great cause of freedom and justice, only if it shows itself ready and willing to resent wrong from the strong, and scrupulously desirous of doing generous justice to both strong and weak.

There are of course very few people who will openly take the position that we are justified in doing what is wrong simply because it is to our interest. But in actual practice there are always plenty of men willing to condone and excuse any wrongful act which they think is advantageous. These men by themselves never form more than a minority, and usually a very small minority, of our people; but often the majority is supine, indifferent, or ill informed, and thus may give a free

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hand to an unscrupulous minority. In making treaties, for instance, there must be give and take; and yet too often a treaty will fail simply because our people permit a small section of their number to insist that it shall be all take and no give. Again, as the Nation, and not the several States, have to deal with foreign powers, the Nation should have complete control over all questions likely to cause trouble with foreign powers, and therefore should have the complete and fully recognized ability to protect all aliens in their treaty rights. Yet in actual practice occasions have not infrequently arisen which have shown rather pitiable National shortcomings in this respect.

I do not think, however, that, on the whole, much blame rests on us so far as *action* of this kind is concerned. I wish it were possible for us always to say as much as regards *speech*. Too many, both of our public men and publicists, seek at times to gratify themselves or their constituents in unworthy fashion by the use of insulting language in reference to foreign powers. The better American a man is, the more confident he is in America's strength and standing, the more ashamed he must be at every such exhibition of international bad manners on the part of any representative of our people. Courtesy is as much the mark of a gentleman as courage. If we respect ourselves, we individually show both qualities; and, in our collective capacity, we should demand of our representatives that the Nation show both qualities in its dealings with other nations. We despise the coward; we despise no less heartily the loud-mouthed brawler. Bad manners and vituperation never yet won respect for either nation or individual. There is, however, a lower depth than is reached by those who merely show these shortcomings; that is, by those who, in addition to showing them, do their best to keep the country unprepared for the trouble which they are so lightly willing to provoke. Wantonly to insult a friendly nation is bad; to be unable ourselves to resist wrong is worse; but the lowest depth is reached by those who practice the policy of peace with insult, who are ever ready to join in measures or to use language extremely offensive to foreign powers, and who nevertheless by their votes or speeches on the question of National defense show that they lack either the far-sightedness or the patriotism to take thought of the interest of the Nation in the years to come.

So much for those Americans who fall short of the proper standard of international good manners, and just and kindly treatment as regards foreign peoples. Now for the American who commits the even worse offense of endeavoring to make this Nation the derision and butt of other nations by refusing to allow it to take proper measures for its own defense. Unfortunately, many of those often well-meaning persons who claim a leading position among the advocates of international peace have harmed their cause in the eyes of all really far-sighted and patriotic citizens by advocating for America a position which would be abjectly unworthy of her standing among the nations. This category includes those who opposed our war with Spain, those who opposed the subsequent enforcement of law and order in the Philippines, those who opposed the building up of the navy, and those who now oppose the fortification of the Panama Canal. Some of these men are misguided men of good character; others, however, are merely men who do not possess any keen sense of international honor, and who are perfectly willing to see this Nation expose itself to the chance of discredit and disaster, because their own small souls would be unaffected by a National defeat which would make most Americans bow their heads with bitterness and shame. As regards these men, I should not have the slightest objection to their inviting the disaster that would come upon them if their wishes were fulfilled, were it not for the fact that the rest of us would unfortunately have to share in the disaster. It is somewhat exasperating to reflect that we have to protect these particular peace advocates of the crazy type from themselves, and, in spite of their shrieking protests, guard them and their children against suffering their share of the National humiliation they do their best to bring about. If these men were capable of learning any lesson from history, what has happened and is happening in China before their eyes would prove to them that a nation, however big, however industrious

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and populous, which is incapable of self-defense, not only invites humiliation for itself, but is a fruitful source of discord and possible war as regards other nations. There was a period when our country was a menace of aggression to the countries south of us. That period has long passed. No nation in history has ever behaved with more scrupulous good faith than we have behaved towards Cuba; nor, to take a smaller but equally significant example, has any nation ever acted with more wise helpfulness than we acted when we put San Domingo on its financial feet by insuring the honest collection of the revenues and their administration in equal parts for the payment of Government expenses and for the payment of creditors. Cuba and San Domingo have benefited to a literally incalculable degree by our action of the last dozen years. It was entirely disinterested action on our part; or, if there was the slightest taint of self-interest in it, it was that lofty form of self-interest which realizes that the welfare of one's neighbor is from every standpoint desirable. And yet the loudest among the professional friends of peace either bitterly opposed, or were entirely lukewarm toward, the carrying out of the policy which has brought such a measure of prosperity to the two islands in question and has so redounded to the honor of the American name!

More recently, men of this type have opposed the fortifying of the Panama Canal. A few months ago they were loudly insisting that such fortification would be in violation of our treaty with Great Britain. The publication of the State Department papers deprived them of this excuse, for therein were found the written communications of the British Ambassador and the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs explicitly recognizing the right of the Americans to fortify the Canal. I may add that, while I was President, just before the treaty was submitted to the Senate, I personally saw Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, referred to the letters in question, and expressed my gratification at the good understanding which had been reached, especially in this matter of the fortifications; and he, in response, not only repeated, of course, what he had said in his letter, but added that, as a matter of fact, his people had come to the conclusion that it was best that the Canal should be fortified by us as the only effective way of policing it and preserving order in case of trouble. So in our treaty with Panama we explicitly reserved the right to fortify. But it is not only our right to fortify; it is our duty. In my judgment, under the treaties, it is the President's duty to fortify the Canal without further authority, though, of course, he cannot adequately perform this duty unless the Congress makes a sufficient appropriation. Moreover, the best military thought is, I believe, coming to the conclusion that our vital naval base in Southern waters should be, not Guantanamo, but the Canal. Not to fortify the Canal would amount to getting it ready as a gift to the first nation that went to war with us. Be it remembered that no other nations except England and Panama are bound by treaty to regard the Canal as neutral. If we were ever engaged in war with any other Power, it would be justified in seizing the Canal at once; and it would do so without the smallest hesitation, and without the smallest effective opposition from any other Power.

It behooves a democracy to remember that one of the favorite taunts leveled against it by the representatives of great military monarchies is that a democracy will never prepare for war, and will rarely show wisdom in choosing positions valuable for national defense. Unquestionably it is true that a democracy has plenty of bad advisers. Among these bad advisers are the foolish creatures who try to prevent our having a big navy, and the equally foolish creatures who say that if we have a big navy there is no need of fortifications. As a matter of fact, fortifications should always be established on the land side as well as on the sea side; and one of their prime uses is to leave the navy foot-loose. If the Panama Canal were not fortified, in time of war we should either have to abandon it to any enterprising enemy, or else paralyze our fleet by employing it to defend the Canal. If it is adequately fortified, our fleet can absolutely disregard it save in so far as it fulfills the vital requisite of a first-class naval base. War-vessels are inefficient substi-

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tutes for forts; and the poorest way to use a navy is to string the vessels in small groups in the ports along a coast, for then the enemy's navy can get them in detail. An unfortified Panama Canal would be a great source of weakness to this country; a fortified Panama Canal would enormously increase our strength. If our people are wise, they will hold those Senators and Congressmen who vote against the fortification of the Canal as unfaithful public servants who betray our country's interests at a vital point. With the possible exception of Hawaii, there is no other spot so necessary to fortify as the Panama Canal. We should have very few naval bases. These few should be thoroughly fortified and strongly held, and among them the two most important are those above mentioned.

One of the difficulties in dealing with foreign affairs is the queer tendency of many people to treat desire on our part to have an adequate navy and coast fortifications as equivalent to the statement that we believe there will be a war, and as justifying offensive war talk. Most certainly we see at times offensive, and therefore utterly improper, talk of war with some entirely friendly nation, now Germany, now England, now Japan. No one can regret such talk more than I do, and it is almost never indulged in by men who would themselves respond to the call to arms if war should unhappily come. A man who is of the type apt to be useful in war is usually of too serious a nature to talk with levity or brutality of war, or in such fashion as to provoke war. My hearty reprobation of this type of offensive agitation does not interfere in the least with my belief, in the first place, that war is unlikely with any power, and in the next place that we can render it still more unlikely, as well as guarantee ourselves against possible humiliation and disaster, by the exercise of moderate forethought and preparation. To the good people who, because we laugh at a war scare about the Japanese or Germans, think that therefore we should abandon the upbuilding of the navy and the proper care of the army, I feel inclined to put the question whether, if they own houses, they have them insured or not. If the house is insured against fire, it does not in the least mean that the owner thinks it will be burned down; he thinks it unlikely that it will be burned down, but, as a prudent man, he wishes to discount even the slight risk. It is just so with us. In my time I have seen war scares about England, Germany, and Japan. I should regard war with any of the three as an unspeakable calamity. I admire all three nations. To speak only of the nation concerning which there has been most recent talk of war, I not only have a great respect and admiration for the Japanese, but I very strongly feel that we have much to learn from them. I regard a good understanding between Japan and the United States as of capital consequence to this country, and as of the first importance from the standpoint of preserving peace in the Pacific. It would not be for the interest of either country to admit from the other country any considerable number of wage-workers, small farmers, or men engaged in small agricultural pursuits, and the wisest and most far-seeing men of both countries take the same view of this matter. But there should be the closest and friendliest relations between the two countries, conducted on a basis of absolute equality and of mutual regard and respect. An admirable article has recently appeared in the "Japan Times," a Tokyo paper, long a semi-official organ of the Japanese Foreign Office. It runs as follows:

> In view of the revival of war talk in America, it will be interesting to recall some of the events which preceded our last two wars. In the case of both the Chino-Japanese and the Russo-Japanese wars it was freely predicted abroad, and nowhere so confidently as in China and Russia, that Japan never really meant to fight. Nevertheless, hostilities broke out principally because, on the strength of the above supposition, Japan's modest demands for reasons of self-preservation were contemptuously ignored. Quite contrary is the case in that of the present war party of America, they being apparently convinced of the inevitability of a clash with this country, while, look where you will, there is not a single point of conflict on account of which Japan might prefer a demand on the ground of national safety. Hence, in virtue of the saying that it is the unexpected which happens, we complacently conclude that there will never be a war with America. Besides, let Japan be ever so wicked and unreasoning, as the American party choose to represent her to be, it would be difficult for us to find a chance to play a convincing game when the

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other side is with eyes and ears on the alert. That is another reason why there will be no war. Then, it is popularly credited to General Kuroki that when asked what he would do if war broke out between America and Japan, he answered that he would flee. That is the attitude also of Japan towards the country to which she owes so much, and she would fight only when she is not allowed to flee. But, in all human likelihood, we see no reason why America should thus force us to fight. That is the third reason why there will be no war. In the fourth place, when the matter is searched to the bottom, there exists no real war party in America.

With every word of the above editorial I agree. The American democracy not only owes it to itself to be thoroughly able and ready to defend America against any possible foes, but it also owes to itself the duty of treating in a spirit of genuine courtesy and friendliness all foreign Powers; and as regards no Power is this duty more incumbent than as regards our great and friendly neighbor across the Pacific, that ancient empire which has all the most astounding vigor of youth—the Empire of Japan.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE INDUSTRIAL WAR

One of the wisest labor leaders in America is John Mitchell. Forceful, courageous, and far-seeing in time of conflict, as he proved himself to be in the great anthracite strike in 1902, he has shown his wisdom during periods of industrial peace by his advocacy of the cause of organized labor and of measures for the relief of wage-earners from burdens they have been unjustly made to bear. When, a few years ago, the National Civic Federation was formed to bring together representatives of capital, of organized labor, and of the public for conference and mutual understanding, it was fortunate for the cause of organized labor that John Mitchell was selected as one of its representatives. In that body men of ability and achievement were found to represent capital, and others of like ability and achievement to represent the public. If the men secured to represent organized labor had been less distinguished and successful in their own field, the cause of the wage-earner would have suffered at the bar of public opinion. That it has not only lost no influence but has actually gained in prestige is due in no small degree to John Mitchell.

The advantage which organized labor has thus had in the councils of this body has, however, been deliberately thrown away by the labor union to which Mr. Mitchell belongs—the United Mine Workers of America. At the annual convention of the United Mine Workers in January an amendment to the rules was adopted which makes it impossible for a member of the union, not only to become a superintendent or foreman and retain his membership, but to belong to the Civic Federation. This rule, which goes into effect on April 1, gave Mr. Mitchell the choice of withdrawing from the Federation or being automatically dropped from the union. Mr. Mitchell has chosen to withdraw from the Federation. So long as this rule is in force, therefore, the great body of miners in this country must be without a voice at the councils of this influential body.

What is the reason for this extraordinary action? Is there any explanation that can be termed rational? We believe there is.

Our present industrial system is in great part, so to speak, on a war basis. From the process of creating wealth those who own the tools are trying to get all they can. So are those who use the tools. On the one side, the managers of industry and their subordinates are held, and hold themselves, responsible for making as large profits as possible and distributing those profits in the form of dividends and interest. On the other hand, the workers feel constantly the pressure of necessity and resort to many means to force the managers to divert as large a proportion as possible of the returns from the sale of the products to the increase of wages in one form or another. The more the manager pays out in wages, the less he has for dividends; while the more the laborer works, the less in proportion does he get in return. Under these circumstances the capitalists have a common interest against the laborers, and the laborers a common interest against the capitalists; the two classes are at war with each other. What is the gain of one is the other's loss.

In this struggle the wage-earners are at

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a disadvantage. For them the margin between success and disaster is small. Their stake is not prosperity, but bare subsistence. Their only resources are their labor power. Their only chance for success lies in the pooling of their resources by compact organization. The individual laborer who alone tries to enhance the value of his labor by withholding it from use goes down alone to penury. The only chance he has is in acting in concert with others.

There are three alternatives proposed to this state of things. One is the complete triumph of the laboring class. Many in the ranks of labor see this as the only outcome. Their slogan is, No parley, no compromise, no quarter. They look forward, first, to a period of distress, privation, suffering, as in war, but later the complete subjection of capital to labor, indeed to the extinction of capitalists as such, and the assumption by the community of the functions now performed by capitalists. This is virtually the programme of one type of Socialist, to which there is some further reference in the article on "Socialism" printed elsewhere in this issue. The second alternative proposed is what might be called a state of truce and diplomacy. Those who favor this alternative regard this condition of industrial conflict as inevitable and virtually permanent, but hold that the strike, the lockout, the blacklist, and the boycott should be abandoned as weapons, and in their place should come negotiation, conciliation, and arbitration. The third alternative is neither the extinction of one of the combatants nor the continuance of the combat with less violence, but the transformation of industrial feudalism, with its attendant strife, into a system of industrial democracy, with attendant co-operation. What this is in detail we do not here attempt to state. The Outlook has discussed it often. It is sufficient here to describe it as involving, not the elimination of the tool-owner, but the identification of the tool-owner with the tool-user.

The National Civic Federation acts in accordance with the second alternative. Its influence has been, not to abolish an industrial system based on conflict, but to ameliorate the conditions of the conflict, to see that in the conflict there is fair play, and to protect non-combatants. It is a sort of combined prize court and Red Cross of the industrial war. In the opinion of those, however, who hold to the first alternative—that is, who believe that capitalism is a dragon fit only for extermination—this advocacy of truce and negotiation is treason to the army of labor. The leader of labor who joins an organization to which belong leaders of capital, who sits down to dinner with captains of industry, who is ready to lessen the rigors of the battle, is, in their opinion, false to his side. The more able his advocacy of labor before a board of conciliation, the more dangerous he is to labor's true and ultimate interests. If he chooses to be a conciliator in an irreconcilable conflict, he must leave the ranks of labor's forces. By what appears to be a skillful political move, the group in the United Mine Workers who hold this uncompromising view gained control of the union's annual convention, and secured the adoption of the rule which has forced Mr. Mitchell to withdraw from the National Civic Federation.

The Outlook holds to neither the first nor the second alternative as a final solution of industrial difficulties. It recognizes that there is now a state of conflict in industry; that there have been occasions when there was nothing for laborers to do but to be uncompromising or to be reduced to helpless misery, but holds that it is an offense against humanity to attempt to enforce desperate measures as a continuing policy; it recognizes that as international warfare has been made more humane, so industrial warfare may be made more humane, and that those who are devoting their energies to the substitution of arbitration for the strike and lockout are rendering invaluable service, but holds that, as desperate measures are justifiable only in times of great crisis, so palliative measures are acceptable only during temporary conditions of a terminable conflict.

As feudalism is better than anarchy, so industrial conciliation is better than industrial warfare. What the Civic Federation represents is an approach to the permanent solution. This will come only when it is universally recognized that the interests of capital, of labor, and of the public are not in conflict but are essentially one.

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BOYS AND THE THEATER

Mr. Winsor's article on "Boys and the Theater," in the March number of the "Atlantic Monthly," deserves the serious attention of fathers and mothers, the majority of whom may be divided into two classes: those who tell their boys never to go to the theater, and those who give their boys *carte blanche*—season tickets, so to speak—to see anything they please. This easy way of shifting responsibilities which parents have no right to delegate is working havoc with an army of American boys and girls. The fundamental duty of fathers and mothers is to protect the ignorant child by experienced judgment; and to allow a boy or a girl to walk within the range of moral contamination without a word of warning or protest is as grave an offense against a child as to allow it in ignorance to walk off a precipice or into a house infected with smallpox.

It is always wise to look a fact in the face, whether you like it or not; and the fact about the theater is, and has always been, that it possesses a great fascination for the majority of young people. That means that there is some vital element in it which human nature craves and has a right to have under proper conditions. To lay down an arbitrary rule which shuts a boy out of the theater, without regard to the character of the plays presented, is as futile and unwise as to forbid the eating of all fruit because some fruit is unripe. Washington Irving grew up in a rather Puritanical household in which the theater was held in great abhorrence; and he has given an entertaining account of his adventures in climbing out of the window of his room to go to the theater, which stood in John Street, returning for family prayers, and then escaping again into the land of the imagination which his nature craved and needed.

George William Curtis tells a delightful story of a boy in Philadelphia whose father, like the elder Irving, was of a serious turn of mind; while the boy, by way of youthful reaction, secretly frequented the playhouse:

"John," said the father one morning, "is this dreadful thing true that I hear of thee: hast thou been to see the play-actress Frances Kemble?"

"Yes, father," was the truthful answer.

"I hope thou hast not been more than once, John."

"Yes, father," was the somewhat discouraging reply, "more than thirty times."

Everybody who has read, as everybody ought to read, "John Halifax, Gentleman," remembers the escapade of the two boys who went surreptitiously to see the great Siddons, and wishes that he, too, might have had that experience.

The boy will have the theater; the question for parents to decide is, "What kind of a theater shall he have?" This is a question of the first importance; and fathers and mothers cannot answer it by laying down a cast-iron rule of exclusion, nor can they evade it by throwing the reins on their children's shoulders and letting them wander at will. There is a large element of demoralization in the theater, and that fact must be recognized as fully as the fact that the theater possesses a perennial fascination. In this matter, as in every other, protection lies neither in blind condemnation nor in blind acceptance, but in discrimination and intelligence.

Mr. Winsor is undoubtedly right in saying that bad plays are much more dangerous to boys than bad books. There are many things which can be described in such a way as not to awaken the imagination, but when these things are personated they become intolerable. The book appeals to the boy's imagination; very much depends, therefore, on the vividness of that faculty in a boy; and as soon as he has read the book it begins to be vague in his memory; the play, on the other hand, appeals not only to the imagination, but to the eye and the ear. It purports to be a fragment of real life; the men and women who appear in it are like the people he sees around him. If the play is vulgar or vile, it contaminates the boy with vulgarity and vileness; if the tone of action and of speech between the men and women is low, it familiarizes the boy with a kind of society with which he never comes in contact outside the theater. The direct influence of such plays is to diminish the respect of a boy for women—and that is always a calamity for him—to

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give him low standards of life, and often to accustom him to thinking with amusement of standards and ties which ought to be sacred. And let it not be forgotten that the more vigorous the boy is, the more physical vitality he has, the more vivid his imagination, the greater is his danger. The qualities and faculties which promise to make him an able man, with a rich personality, are the qualities and faculties which lay him especially open to temptation. No boy can become familiar with Shakespeare's tragedies without deriving from them a sense of the majesty and seriousness of life as it is shown through character and the results of action on the individual. No boy, on the other hand, can see plays dealing with the sex problem or plays in which the relations of men and women are humorously treated without being demoralized. Boys ought to be kept from seeing the salacious play, the vulgar play, and the problem play. Even if the latter is serious in treatment, the boy has not the knowledge of life which would protect him from being injured by its premature disclosure.

But worst of all, as Mr. Winsor declares, is the musical show. There are, it is unnecessary to say, delightful musical comedies, which are not only clean but bright and entertaining from a musical point of view. But, as a whole, the musical comedy is the cheapest, and often the most essentially vulgar, of all forms of dramatic shows seen in the theater. Young girls see musical shows in which the attitude of the women towards the men is familiar and low in tone. These comedies are taking to the ear and to the eye. Many of them are presented in amateur performances for social and charitable purposes; and young girls, who ought to be protected by the advice of older people, appear on the stage and imitate the manners and action of women who vulgarize and cheapen life. This is one of the most depressing evidences of lack of care and intelligence in protecting American young people. It would seem like a primary fact that a young girl ought not to assume the manners and play the part of the average chorus girl on the stage. Many chorus girls are simple-minded, hard-working women; but the best of them, in their public relations with mixed audiences, take an attitude, either personal or professional, which the well-bred and well-protected girl of high standards and a nice sense of what is becoming in a woman ought not to imitate. The Outlook strongly commends all fathers and mothers, who have to deal with the amusement of young people, to read Mr. Winsor's sensible article, and to ask themselves whether they have any real sense of their responsibility or any intelligence about this difficult matter.

THE SPECTATOR

It was about this time last year that the Spectator was returning, crestfallen, from a comet party from which Halley's Hamlet had inexcusably absented himself. The back of his neck ached from overmuch raking of the night sky. All too late he had recollected that the proper way to survey the heavens or the Sistine ceiling is to fling one's self flat on one's back. As his homing footsteps echoed drearily through the midnight empty streets he was conscious of a soreness in mind as well as in muscle. All this forsaking of pillows, all this scrambling through cob-webby attics and scuttles, all this craning of necks, all this turning of trustful faces toward the place where the wonder of the sky was not! The Spectator fell to wondering bitterly why, though fishermen and huntsmen must expect to have their stories taken with a grain of salt, the nocturnal sportsmen of the observatories are permitted to spin star-dust into wonder-tissue to their hearts' content, while a confiding public accepts it as sound stuff at so much the yard!

To be sure, the astronomers finally made good in the matter of Halley's. But the Spectator has never regretted the action he took when he fancied they were caught out in their reckoning. Grumbling on in the above amiable vein, he bethought him of the private observatory of a confirmed sky hermit of his acquaintance. The place lay not far from his appointed line of march. He would

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knock at the door and prefer complaint. "Now then," said he, as, after an interval, the weary-eyed astronomer thrust out his head, "why don't you bring on your old comet?" But so humble was the sky-gazer, so meekly apologetic for the vagaries of Halley's fiery-haired star, that the Spectator, having come to chide, remained to cheer. Drinkables and smokables being produced, the talk turned upon the heartrending uncertainties attendant upon the great spectacular pageants of the skies. "They are so absolutely dependent upon the weather," sighed the low-spirited man of science. "If rain damps a lawn fête or a coronation, the proceedings can be transferred at a moment's notice to the shelter of some friendly roof; or, at worst, they can be postponed for fairer skies. But spectacles in the heavens! On they come, inexorable as time. There is no postponing *them*. And you can't hold a solar eclipse in the opera-house. No, if the instant comes for the celestial pyrotechnics and Nature happens to be in a watery mood, why, the sublime event toward which the whole world of sky-gazers have been yearning is simply, fatally clouded out. Of all sad words of tongue or pen— Only think of the grief, or, to be sordid, only think of the thousands upon thousands of dollars spent during the last thirty years by governments, universities, and sky-fancying millionaires, upon totally unseen total eclipses of the sun!"

"So?" murmured the Spectator. "I didn't know. Is the luck so bad?" For answer the astronomer began hastily pawing over a shelf full of dusty reports. "Just look at that, and that, and that, and that! Here's the eclipse of 1896, when half the observers journeyed to Norway, the other half to Japan. Of the northern voyagers all save a few lucky blunderers, who ran counter to all scientific advice, were deluged in rain. The Japanese contingent were yet more cruelly harrowed. The day was fair, expectation at the highest pitch, but just as the fateful moment drew near a few light innocent clouds trailed across the sun. Only for a little was the light veiled. Yet, when the clouds drifted off the face of the sun, behold! totality was past and the eclipse of 1896 had passed into history! Nothing remained but to pack up a few tons of excellent apparatus, bind up the broken hearts, and go home."

"I suppose," remarked the Spectator, with what he hoped was a sympathetic expression, "that, since the chances of seeing anything are so slim, a sensible man like you doesn't attend eclipses?" "I do! I do!" cried the astronomer in a tearful voice. "It's like opium with me. I can't break with it. But for that expensive habit I might have supported a wife and lived in the lap of luxury instead of being the disgruntled old curmudgeon that I am. But when an eclipse is in the wind, I give you my word, I can no more keep from giving chase than an old circus horse can keep from dancing when the band begins to play. Nobody finances *me*. But, if it takes my bottom dollar, I'm off to Timbuctoo, or Patagonia, or the Fiji Islands, with the best of the university fellows."

"What's the fun?" queried the Spectator, conscious of a hankering after the eclipse hobby himself. "My *dear* Mr. Spectator! The fun? Why, a solar eclipse, when you *do* happen to see it, is the sublimest spectacle in nature! Then think, sir, of the romantic places it leads you to—Peru, or Grenada, or Labrador! Think of the stimulating scientific rabble one encounters, the excitement of uncertainty. Why, it's absolutely the nicest kind of picnic the mind can conceive!"

"What's the use?" broke in the Spectator, brutally. Perhaps he was jealous. The man's rapt face gloomed over. "H'm!" said he. "You're like Bismarck. After the eclipse in the seventies the German expedition approached the Chancellor with its modest little bill of expenses. Bismarck eyed the total like a provident bargainer. 'Yes,' said he. 'And now where are your results?' 'So please your Chancellorship,' said the quaking scientists, 'the sky was cloudy. There *are* no results.' 'Then you can jolly well pay your own bill,' thundered the Chan-

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cellor, in a rage. Results? Well, there are always the photographs of the corona."

"And are those vitally important to humanity?" queried the Spectator. "Well, I wouldn't say that. Æsthetically they are valuable. Make nice souvenirs of the occasion. But I can't say they will make any marked revolutions in science. Of course we're always expecting something big in the way of discovery. But you see the time of an eclipse is so short; three minutes on the average is the duration of totality. A man trying in that time to measure the heat of the corona, or to determine by spectroscope its chemical composition, is apt to get a bit nervous. Things happen. Something must even be allowed to the frailty of the human eye. I remember once in South Carolina we had a man told off to give the signal when totality came on. This to spare the rest of us the strain. The poor wretch, blind with intense observation, failed to see the flash of the corona, and the signal was not given till the eclipse was half over. Our observations went for nothing."

There was an eloquent pause while the smoke-rings widened and wavered out of the circle of the lamplight. At last the Spectator ventured—"I should have hated to be that man." "Precisely," came the dry reply; "that man was Me!" "However," he went on presently, "there were others in the same or similar boats. The weather was all right, and idle souls who were satisfied to take the spectacle *as* a spectacle were gloriously rewarded. But the scientific Johnnies scattered in parties all over the Southern States got together a magnificent crop of calamities. Totality was only ninety seconds that time; so the observers divided the work carefully among them. One was, as I said, to give the signal, others were to time the eclipse with stop-watches, others to photograph the corona, and so on. Well, one man was 'laying for' the coronium line; but for some reason the coronium line was so weak he couldn't see it at all. One brilliant astronomical photographer under-exposed all his plates. A lot of us worked so hard at looking that we didn't see anything at all. But the worst case was that of the fellow who set out to measure the heat of the corona. When he unpacked his bolometric apparatus on the field, he found that a delicate piece had been broken. Nothing if not resourceful, he had provided against just such chance by bringing South a lathe and tools to replace injured parts. The time, however, was appallingly short. By working fast and furiously he managed to get the piece in place and the whole delicate mechanism in readiness just before the signal for totality was given. As he mopped his brow and thanked his lucky stars, a small unnoticed stick, left leaning in a corner, toppled over and struck the apparatus, throwing the sensitive galvanometer needle out of balance. At that instant the signal was given. The hapless professor achieved the impossible. He got a perfect balance again in ninety seconds, precisely half the time usually required for the feat. But, alas! swift as he was, the eclipse was swifter. He looked up just in time to see the corona vanish like a burned-out firework! That, you know, was real tragedy."

"You see," said the sky-fancier, as he lighted the Spectator down his narrow stair, "the public is not alone in astronomical disappointments. We much-abused astronomers have troubles enough of our own." And the Spectator, whose neck had got over aching, anyway, took himself home in a state of perfect charity with the man behind the lens.

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WITH THE ARMY IN TEXAS

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

This article and that which follows will give our readers a graphic picture of the state of affairs on both sides of the line between Mexico and this country. There has, at this writing, been no official or full explanation of the motives which led our Government to mass a large body of troops near our Southern border, but the conjectures made in The Outlook's editorial of last week seem more and more confirmed as the situation develops. One excellent actual result is here pointed out by our special correspondent: If we are to have any army at all, it must be as efficient and well equipped as its size and the money available will permit. Such a movement of large bodies of soldiers as has just taken place has enormous value both in training officers and men for real field work and in disclosing weak points. The educative military gain will be worth more than the cost.—THE EDITORS.

LATE in the evening of March 6 army posts throughout the country were startled by War Department orders. Not since the Spanish-American War had so large a number of regulars been ordered to assemble in any one section of the country, and it is not surprising that the wildest rumors, from war with Japan to the occupation of Mexico, were everywhere prevalent. Nine days after the mobilization orders were issued, the last of the troops had arrived at the divisional camp at San Antonio, and every one was guessing just as hard as ever at the real reasons for the War Department's action. The official explanation was that the 20,000 troops had been concentrated for maneuvers, and the division was officially dubbed the "Division of Maneuver."

As a result we find the mushroom growth of the big city of tents out on the prairie beyond Fort Sam Houston. Recruiting their regiments up to war strength, the commanding officers of the division are preparing it as rapidly as possible for any emergency calling for active service in the field. But, whether this mobilization means peace or war, the army has already learned in the school of experience lessons more important than it has been taught since the Spanish-American War. The country at large, too, has had an opportunity to learn some of the defects of our present army organization. It was nine days from the time that the mobilization orders were issued in Washington before the last of the regiments, the Ninth Cavalry and the Fourth Field Artillery, came straggling into San Antonio from Cheyenne, Wyoming. In Berlin they could press a button and land a division of the German army almost anywhere upon our Atlantic coast in an equal length of time.

From the towers of the garrison post at Fort Sam Houston one looks eastward across the rolling prairie at a veritable city of tents, with streets and wards of brigade and regiment, offices and stores, telegraph and post-office stations, hospitals and bakeries, all under canvas. And it must be remembered that this is all for barely more than half of a division at full war strength, for there are only approximately ten thousand men at San Antonio, the remainder of the troops tactically included in the division being scattered along the Rio Grande patrolling the Mexican border.

It was a strange sight for American eyes as the troops poured into San Antonio. Out at the railway yards order was being evolved out of chaos as regiment after regiment detrained, and the endless strings of freight cars, laden with army wagons, cannon, commissary stores, ammunition, pontoon bridges, and all the munitions of war, rumbled into the sidings. In box cars cavalry horses neighed and the famous army mules brayed into the chorus. The officers and men of the commissary and quartermaster's departments dodged in and out amid the yards and sidings. They wrangled and fought with the railway men, who had ideas of their own about switching and unloading. The aide of some regimental commander would clatter up on horseback and demand to know, in the name of all the gods of war, where the tents of his regiment were being hidden by the quartermaster's department. A quartermaster's officer would mop a streaming brow and declare in lurid language that he'd be

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triply blessed if he knew. But order was coming out of chaos just the same, and it was marvelous to see how everything, from gun caisson to flour sack, found its way from train to its appointed place in camp.

A halo of dust hung over the roads from the railway yards to the camp. With tramp of marching feet, with clatter of hoofs, with rumbling of the big guns and heavily loaded army wagons, horse, foot, and artillery, regiment, battalion, company, troop, and battery, jammed the dusty roads. Out on the prairie, men in khaki were digging ditches, laying water pipes, pegging up tents, and marking out the company streets. The sun would set one evening over a bare stretch of prairie; next morning a mushroom growth of brown tents had sprung up. Under the shelter of gentle slopes in the prairie the cavalry mounts were picketed in long lines. Watering the horses was almost a ceremony. The smoke curled up from the blacksmiths' forges and the hammers rang on anvils. The field bakeries were turning out loaves by the thousands every day. Every company had its open-air kitchen, and the bugles sang the welcome summons to appetites that needed no other urging. It was spring in Texas, and the general health of the division was excellent. The field hospitals got their chief practice on the cases of measles, which seems to be the inevitable contribution of the new recruits to camp life.

A big corral, large enough to accommodate 2,000 mules and horses, was fenced in, and near it were big blacksmith forges, the regimental wagon-trains, and the stores of the quartermaster's department.

In the *hangars* officers and men of the Signal Corps worked over the army aeroplanes, which soared over the camp in daily practice flights or dashed out across country to execute aerial maneuvers. Of course the Signal Corps men believe that the aeroplanes are going to supersede cavalry for scouting purposes. But you won't make yourself popular with the cavalrymen by agreeing to this proposition in their presence. Also the artillerymen will tell you just how to wing an aeroplane in flight. One thing is sure, however, and that is that the aeroplane has come to stay for military purposes. As an aid to scouting it has been too long neglected in our army. Its extreme usefulness was proved in the maneuvers of the French army last fall, say the men of the Signal Corps, and Congress in refusing appropriations is responsible for our backwardness in military aeronautics.

The Signal Corps' sphere of usefulness has been greatly widened by recent inventions, and it is now a very important part of the service. Beside the aeroplanes, the men of the Signal Corps operate the wireless telegraph outfits, do the signaling by flag "wigwagging" and heliograph, and are prepared with their wire wagons to string up the wires for field telephone and telegraph. Some tests have been already made and more are contemplated in the use of the wireless from aeroplanes. The value of the wireless in this connection for scouting purposes is obvious.

The field wireless is already in use, maintaining communication between the border patrols along the Rio Grande. The apparatus is reduced to its simplest form for field service, and may all, including collapsible pole, wires, instruments, and dynamos, be jacked on the backs of mules. In operation at the border patrol stations, the whole apparatus, excepting wires and pole, is contained under one regulation army tent. The instruments are contained in iron-bound boxes, which are opened up when in service, and may be closed securely enough to withstand the hardest knocks in transportation. In "sending," the power for the dynamo is supplied by a windlass apparatus manned by two enlisted men. The field wireless has a sending range of from forty to fifty miles under normal conditions, but messages are received from a much greater distance. Recently some of the border patrol stations west of Laredo on the Rio Grande picked up messages sent by the war-ships off Galveston and by the station at Key West.

Not the least important factor in the efficiency of the division is the medical and sanitary work of the Chief Surgeon and his assistants. Typhoid fever taught our army a bitter lesson in the Spanish-American War, and it has not been forgotten. Throughout the divisional camp the most thorough precautions have been taken to prevent any possible sources of

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infection. Great pains were taken to insure a pure water supply, but all water used by the troops for drinking and cooking is boiled. The orders on this subject are stringent and are enforced to the letter. Every company kitchen has a big oven formed by an excavation in the ground paved and walled by large stones. Fires are kept burning in these ovens and the stones become red hot. All garbage is thrown on these red-hot stones and completely destroyed. All kitchen utensils are kept spotlessly clean, and there is nothing left about the kitchens to attract flies. All sewage is completely destroyed by burning it with paraffin oil.

As an additional precaution, by order of the Secretary of War, inoculation with the anti-typhoid serum was made compulsory on every officer and man of the division. For the first few days in camp the long lines of the "typhoid squads" being marched up to the field hospitals to bare their arms to the surgeons' hypodermic needles was a daily sight in camp. In only a few instances were the men unable to attend to their usual duties after the treatment. Sore arms and headaches were about the worst effects of the inoculation.

Bathing was also made compulsory for the enlisted men of the division, and in an order from headquarters it was set forth in quaintly official language that all commanders should take such steps as would "insure that every enlisted man secured at least two baths per week." As a result the bathing squads, with towels under arms, bound for a scrub in the barracks, alternated with the typhoid squads marching up to the surgeons' needles.

Before the last of the troops rushed south by the mobilization orders had arrived at San Antonio recruits were already pouring in by the train-load, and the regiments were brought up as rapidly as possible to full war complement. The lot of the recruits at the divisional camp was not altogether a happy one. They had much to learn, and they had to learn it in more than usual haste. Upon arrival they were placed in quarantine in tents in isolated sections of the camp until a sufficient time had elapsed for them to develop any contagious diseases they might have contracted before their arrival in camp. First they were marched up to the field hospitals and received the anti-typhoid treatment, and then their training began even before their period of quarantine probation had expired. All over the camp, on vacant stretches of the prairie, could be seen little squads of recruits, in charge of the drill sergeants, learning to place their awkward feet on the ground in the army way. Marching in step would seem to be a simple matter, but the recruits did not find it easy to satisfy their instructors.

Right here comes in one of the severest criticisms that army officers have to make of the present regulations. Troops and companies on a peace footing are often kept at less than half of full war complement, and, as a result, when brought up to war strength the efficiency of the organizations is practically destroyed by the sudden addition of frequently fifty per cent of raw recruits. The theory on which the present regulations appear to have been laid down is that the old men and officers will somehow drag through the untrained men. But, as one infantry captain expressed it at the divisional camp here: "In actual war I would a long shot rather have a company of fifty trained men than the same company brought up to war strength by the addition of raw recruits. The recruits mean just so many men who have to be taken care of by the old soldiers who know the business."

It must not be imagined that the present mobilization has been altogether a triumphal exhibition of the efficiency of the United States regular army and its organization. Inasmuch as it is the first extensive concentration of regular troops under actual service conditions in many years, popular interest in the mobilization has been great, and the accounts published have for the most part dwelt more upon the good results accomplished than upon the grave defects exposed in our present army organization. It was nine days after the mobilization orders were issued by the War Department before the last of the troops ordered to San Antonio arrived in the divisional camp. There was much in the way of equipment and supplies required by the regulations in putting a division into the field that had not arrived two weeks after the mobilization orders

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were issued. At that time the division was very far from being equipped with the regulation divisional wagon-trains. As a result, it was not in condition to march out of camp under proper conditions had an order come to cross the Rio Grande. And it must be remembered that all this effort, which turned the War Department inside out, was to concentrate not more than half of a full division in one camp, the remainder of the troops included in General Carter's command being scattered along the border.

In all fairness it must be said that the blame for these conditions rests not so much upon the army officers as upon the organization under which they are compelled to work. Congress, in a series of disjointed statutes, has built up the present organization of the army, and, in the opinion of the majority of the officers of the service, Congress has done a sorry job. The army men are not inclined to make excuses, and they are not seeking to hide the defects of the present system. They say they are doing the best work they can with the tools at their disposal, but they want better tools. A new type of army man has arisen since the Spanish-American War—alert, up to date, and progressive in ideas. Men of this type do not seek to avoid criticism, but rather invite it when it is just. They are very much alive to the defects of our present system, and want a thorough reorganization which will place our army on an equal footing with the best in the world. Among the most radical of the changes which they would like to see are the following:

The abolition of the present geographical department system, which entails the scattering of the army in small garrison posts all over the country.

The concentration of the troops in large posts near important railway centers.

Fewer units of organization, if necessary, but the maintaining of those units at full war strength.

Some adequate means of control by the military authorities over the railways when emergencies arise demanding the sudden and speedy movement of troops.

Under the present system regiments are frequently broken up into battalions and companies and scattered at small posts all over the country.

Not only is it much more expensive to maintain and supply troops scattered in this way, but it makes it almost impossible for organization commanders to learn, from actual experience, how to handle the units they would be called upon to command in time of war. Many of these small posts are situated in sections of the country remote from adequate railway facilities. In the present mobilization distance played a very small part in the time made by the various regiments from their posts to San Antonio. For instance, the Third Field Artillery arrived from Fort Meyer, Virginia, a distance of 1,718 miles, five days after the mobilization orders were issued. The Ninth Cavalry and the Fourth Field Artillery did not arrive from Fort D. A. Russell, at Cheyenne, Wyoming, a distance of 1,190 miles, until four days later, or nine days after the orders were issued. This was not because more time was taken in transit by the troops from Fort D. A. Russell, but because the railways could not furnish enough cars at Cheyenne, and the troops had to wait until the cars could be procured from other points.

The objections to bringing the regimental units up from peace to war strength in times of emergency have been stated above.

In regard to the lack of adequate control over the railway companies, the army men say that in the present mobilization the railway authorities have frequently refused point blank to obey the instructions of the military authorities in regard to important matters in the transportation of troops and supplies. That this might lead to disastrous results on the verge of real war is the opinion of the army officers whose duties have brought them into direct contact with the transportation problem.

Whatever is the real reason for the present mobilization of such a large part of the regular army, the lessons already learned by the military authorities are invaluable, and it is the earnest hope of the army men that the defects of our military organization have not been exposed in vain, and that public sentiment will approve the changes which the men who ought to know believe necessary before we shall have a really efficient army.

San Antonio, Texas.

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MEXICANS AND AMERICANS

FROM AN AMERICAN RESIDENT OF MEXICO

THE question of concern to Americans resident in Mexico is the possible intervention of the United States before the revolution comes to an end. We have known that there has been a great deal of talk about intervention on the border, and that the army officers were full of the excitement of war, and now that a large army is being mobilized in Texas it begins to look serious. Intervention would change entirely the question now before the Mexican people. As it is, a very large majority are in sympathy with the revolution, though a great part secretly. The crossing over the border of a foreign army at the invitation of a Government already too unpopular, and one which the mass of the people wish to see come to its end, would be the signal for the whole Mexican people to rise against what they would consider the perfidy of their own Government and the aggression of a foreign foe.

A friend traveling in the State of Guerrero, far to the south, told me of a conversation which he had with a field hand. As news is rather scarce down that way, the man was asking him of the fighting in the north. Who were doing the fighting? Was it Mexican against Mexican, or Mexicans against foreigners? He was informed that it was Mexicans against Mexicans in a dispute over the Government. He said: "Oh, all right, then. I am not concerned as to who has it [the Government], but if it were a fight to repulse foreign aggression I would want to be in it." This is but an illustration of how the most unlettered man could be counted on to resent intervention, which to such men would mean aggression.

The revolution is going on with what might be called small warfare. It looks as if, for the present, the revolutionists would be content with interfering with traffic and embarrassing the Government in other ways; but let the United States put its foot into it and there would be big warfare. Bloodshed would not be averted, but greatly increased, and the very ends sought defeated by the fact, the irritation, and what many would term the insolence, of the intervention. Thousands of Americans would be put in great personal danger and everything American injured for decades to come.

The Diaz Government has accomplished much for Mexico. If Diaz had stepped down six years ago, or even last year, he would have gone down in history as one of the strongest and best men that the country has had; but he is ruling out of his time. It is all right to put down bandits with the firing squad, but when the man who has some modern ideas as to the advantages the common people should enjoy, the distribution of the public domain, the right to cast his vote and have it counted, is put in jail and classed as an outlaw, the situation has changed. The Mexican people have been patient under the Diaz rule because of the good that has come out of it, but the time will come when the people must solve their own political destinies.

The present Government is weakening its position every day. Its use of force and arbitrary means is alienating the people more and more. A few days ago I witnessed what has been going on for some time—that is, the searching of the trains by the authorities, who take out and lock up in the penitentiary whom they please. The victims generally were second-class passengers ticketed to Texas—part of the labor army, I have good reason for believing, which in increasing numbers has been emigrating to the American Southwest in search of work. Several Mexicans who witnessed the proceeding characterized it as the height of infamy.

A great many Americans swear by the Diaz Government, honestly and with good reason, for they have been well treated; but there are many who have meager ideas of what such a government involves. They don't get the Mexican citizen's point of view—a man with a country and a strong spirit of patriotism, but who is not allowed to talk about public affairs—the tariff, for instance, which adds twenty-five, fifty, and a hundred per cent to the cost

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of things; who thinks that his Government could just as well help the small man get a homestead as to finance the projects of moneyed men, members of the "Circle of Friends."

A climax will come sooner or later. The sentiment against the Government is getting stronger, and as things get worse the Government will have to resort to means more distasteful to the people. There may be a lull, but unless this Government makes a complete change in its policy it will go tottering to a fall.

It would be one of the greatest mistakes that the United States has ever made to try to step in and bolster up the Diaz Government. No amount of force will help matters. A larger measure of popular government must be given; there must be a chance for popular opinion to express itself, and there must be laws framed that will help the small man to become a landowner. It will be found, when the time comes, that the revolutionists have some good men to put at the head of things. It is claimed against them that they have no leaders, that they are divided. This fact indicates, however, how largely this is an uprising of the people. There are many men in the revolution who have the spirit of sacrifice born of a good and great cause. An insurrectionist prisoner said to me a couple of weeks ago: "I don't want to see this thing end; it does not matter how long we stay in jail, the country must have a new and better government."

As Americans we are safe now while the matter is being fought out by small warfare—the interruption of traffic and the harassing of the Government. It means inconvenience, but not much danger. What we do fear, however, is the intervention of the American Government. From being neutral, we would be identified with one of the combatants, and a small scrap would be turned into a bitter war with its sequel of misunderstandings, rancor, and anti-Americanism.

The protection of American interests in Mexico does not form even a sensible ground for intervention. The temporary loss to the interests in Mexico and the present inconvenience suffered by letting this revolution run its course are not to be compared to the loss of friendly relations and trade in subsequent years. The American interests and the American people can well afford to take a small loss by the revolution, which, if they keep out, they can quickly make up through good friendship and increased trade relations later on. While, on the other hand, to meddle (and unjustifiably) in the internal affairs of this country would take all promise out of the future. Few can realize the resentment, the lasting scar, that such an act of a neighbor's rapacity and iniquity (as it would be judged—the staining of a nation's honor and the imperiling of its integrity because a number of dollars were imagined to be in danger) would cause in the heart of every Mexican.

It has been said that the United States must intervene because of the Monroe Doctrine, and that the Monroe Doctrine must be maintained as a war measure. Generally all war measures have to be paid for, and if the United States wants the Monroe Doctrine as a war measure it ought to be willing to pay for it—by guaranteeing any damages to other Powers rather than by sending an army to settle domestic disputes.

For my own part, I cannot see that the Diaz Government has any great claims on the consideration of the United States. As you may well know, there has been an increasing emigration of Mexican labor to the American Southwest. To stop this as much as possible and retain the labor here the supporters of the Government carried on last year what to all appearances was an organized press bureau to circulate stories of ill usage, hard luck, and injustice suffered by Mexicans in the United States. Through this campaign of misrepresentation to keep Mexican labor in Mexico there was so much ill feeling stirred up that the country was ready to break out in denunciation of Americans and rioting when the lynching of Antonio Rodriguez took place.

The truth of the matter is that this country has some great economic questions to settle, which eventually must mean some changes in the social order; but I believe that the Mexican people have enough patience and enough men of good caliber to work things out to a solution—far better than any that can ever be arrived at with outside intervention.

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SOCIALISM

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

"TO make it as easy and matter-of-course for the ordinary respectable Englishman to be a Socialist as to be a Liberal or Conservative"—that, in the words of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, is one of the objects of the Fabian Society. It is quite the hardest task Socialists have ever undertaken. There is only one task that would be harder, and that is to make Socialism natural to the ordinary respectable American.

There are several reasons why Socialism seems an alien thing in America. In the first place, the Socialist propaganda in America has been carried on largely by men of foreign antecedents. In the second place, the manner in which that propaganda has been conducted has been often revolting to the sense of decency and good order. And, in the third place, along with the Socialist theory certain ideas have been promulgated as Socialistic which are fantastic and extravagant.

As time passes, however, these reasons will diminish in weight. As economic conditions in America, with the disappearance of free public land, approach more nearly those of Europe, the ordinary American will more readily listen to what men of European origin and antecedents have to say; as social questions become more acute, he will learn to consider the merits of social remedies proposed, while condemning the violence with which they may be advocated; and as he finds it increasingly necessary to study social questions, he will learn to distinguish the non-essential from the essential. There is, in fact, no more reason for refusing to understand Socialism because it is of foreign origin, because it is often advocated with violence in speech and even in act, and because it has become incrusted with ideas that are irrational or impracticable, than there is for rejecting Christianity because it had its rise in Asia, has been invoked to justify the cruelties of the Duke of Alva and the excesses of the Free Brothers of the sixteenth century, and has been obscured by an envelope of riotous theological speculation.

Is it, however, worth while for the ordinary American to try to understand Socialism? It is, if it is worth while for him to understand a force with which every country in Europe is reckoning and with which the United States, in its turn, is concerned. There are, it is estimated, some ten million men in the civilized world who to-day call themselves Socialists. Nobody knows how many more there are who would probably not deny that they are Socialists if they were asked. And there are countless others who are not sure whether they are Socialists or not. The spirit of Socialism seems to be everywhere. Its influence is not measured by Socialist votes, for it is not confined in any country to politics. It has, for example, been challenged by the Vatican as an enemy of the Catholic faith. Its growth in influence, however, has been indicated by the enormous increase, within a generation, of Socialist votes. There are about as many Socialist voters in the United States now as there were in the whole world forty years ago. More than that, the effect of the Socialist propaganda has had an effect on non-Socialist political parties. When political speakers denounce their opponents as Socialistic, or affirm that the policies of their own party will provide a safeguard against Socialism, they pay a tribute to the influence of Socialism on parties not avowedly Socialistic.

Socialism has thus become a word of current usage. Everybody uses it as if his hearers understood what it meant. It stands for a general and rather vague notion concerning some kind of proposal for reapportioning property with the purpose of bringing all people to a status of something like mediocrity. According to this notion, which is not without justification in the writings of Socialists themselves, Socialism is a device or scheme, resembling a constitution or form of government, to be adopted by the people, and has a more or less vaguely formulated object of upsetting and smashing existing institutions, abolishing private property, dispensing somehow with capital, and establishing a powerful governmental machine that will determine what

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TWENTY-SIX BOOKS ON SOCIALISM

Karl Kautsky. The Class Struggle (Erfurt Programme). Translated by William E. Bohm. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

A brief but important work by one of the foremost of orthodox Marxian Socialists; considerably compressed in translation. This can serve admirably as an outline of Marxian Socialism for the reader who wishes to get an elementary knowledge of the subject.

Edward Bernstein. Evolutionary Socialism: A Criticism and an Affirmation. Translated by Edith C. Harvey. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.

An important book, indispensable to the student of modern Socialism. Bernstein, testing Marx's philosophy by facts, finds it in many places defective. His theory is therefore a modification of Marxian Socialism. No one can explain modern Socialism or can assume to criticise it without knowledge of the important influence upon it which, after a study of recent social history, such men as Bernstein have exerted.

W. J. Ghent. Socialism and Success: Some Uninvited Messages. John Lane Company, New York. $1.

A series of chapters by a Socialist calculated to arrest the attention and stimulate thought rather than to inform or illuminate.

Joseph E. Cohen. Socialism for Students. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

An attempt by a moderate orthodox Marxian Socialist to state the Socialistic doctrine in brief compass.

C. E. Russell. Why I am a Socialist. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

Principally consisting of rather vivid, decidedly forceful, but far from sober descriptions of some of the worst undoubted evils of the present industrial system, written with the pen of a practiced but emotional journalist.

E. R. Hartman. Socialism versus Christianity. The Cochrane Publishing Company, New York. $1.50.

An interpretation of Socialism as a scourge for sin, from which the only refuge is devout faith in a rather literalistic type of Christianity.

Newton Mann. The Import and Outlook of Socialism. The James H. West Company, Boston. $1.50.

A survey of Socialism by an evolutionary (revisionist) Socialist, and at the same time an intelligent attempt to reconcile with Christian ethics and ideals Socialism as thus expounded.

G. Bernard Shaw and Others. Fabian Essays in Socialism. With a new Preface by Mr. Shaw. The Ball Publishing Company, Boston. 50 cents.

A new edition of essays which have proved useful as presenting certain varieties of British Socialism, one, at least, of the essays affording delicious examples of impracticability and speculative imagination.

W. Lawler Wilson. The Menace of Socialism. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $2.

An intelligent but emotionally partisan exposition, from an English point of view, of the belief that Socialism is "an outbreak of social insanity."

W. G. Towler. Socialism in Local Government. With Introduction by Captain H. M. Jessel. Second Edition. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

An attack on Socialism in the form of criticism of what in England is called "municipal trading."

John Spargo. Karl Marx: His Life and Work. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $2.50.

An important biography of the chief apostle of modern Socialism. Marx's life was full of vicissitude and not devoid of the dramatic. No better introduction to his works can be had than this view of their development in the course of his experiences. Mr. Spargo is a disciple of Marx, but has so presented his subject as to enable his readers to form an independent judgment of the man and his writings. This is a book that should be read by any one who cares to understand the present-day social movements.

John Spargo. The Marx He Knew. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

A readable little book of twelve or thirteen thousand words in which the author records the life of Marx as seen through the friendly eyes of an old cigar-maker.

H. G. Wells. Socialism and the Family. The Ball Publishing Company, Boston. 50 cents.

A breezy speculative trifle, that is not nearly as bad as it sounds, but is of no consequence as a contribution to the serious discussion of Socialism.

Karl Marx. The Poverty of Philosophy. Preface by F. Engels. Translated by H. Quelch. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. $1.

An early work of Marx's—a vigorous dissection of Proudhon; throwing light on Marx's theory of value, and illustrating the controversial spirit of mid-nineteenth-century Socialism.

Frederick Engels. Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Duehring). Translated and edited by Austin Lewis. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. $1.

An interesting example of philosophic controversy characteristic of Socialistic writings a century ago; useful only to the student of the details of Socialistic theories.

Robert Rives La Monte. Socialism: Positive and Negative. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cts.

A little series of essays valiantly and cleverly defending the pure Socialistic faith as once delivered. An aggressive challenge by a proud revolutionary.

Jack London. Evolution and Other Essays. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Snap-shots, partly Socialistic.

La Monte and Mencken. Men Versus The Man. A Correspondence. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.35.

A series of letters interchanged between a radical Socialist and a follower of Nietzsche, in which both evidently expect to shock the conventional reader, and each apparently hopes to shock—hardly to persuade—the other, with the result that each succeeds in impressing on the reader the repellent features of not only the other's but also his own cherished faith.

Edmond Kelly. Twentieth Century Socialism. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.75.

A comprehensive and very useful survey of present-day Socialism by an advocate—intelligent, informed, but rather bookish.

J. S. Crawford. Political Socialism: Would it Fail in Success? Paper bound, published by the Writer. 25 cents.

Consisting of a series of attacks on some essential and some non-essential Socialistic propositions, concluding with a condemnation of Socialism as an appetite for the property of others.

Louis B. Boudin. The Theoretical System of Karl Marx: in the Light of Recent Criticism. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. $1.

A presentation and devout defense of the orthodox, the Marxian, form of modern Socialism, according to which the breakdown of the present capitalistic order will come with some suddenness.

Yves Guyot. Socialistic Fallacies. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

Violent assaults, piecemeal, upon what the author alleges to be Socialism. A book which, by its frequent misrepresentation of Socialism, as well as by its blunders, almost persuades one to be a Socialist.

Paul Lafargue. The Evolution of Property from Savagery to Civilization. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

A brief exposition of Socialism of a sort that tends to discredit the theory among people who value clear thinking.

Werner Sombart. Socialism and the Social Movement. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by M. Epstein. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

A very able and important book, presenting from a Socialist point of view, but in a discriminating way and in a judicial spirit, the chief phases of Socialism. The author, formerly Professor Extraordinary at the University of Breslau, and Professor of Political Economy in the Handelshochschule (Commercial College) since its foundation in 1905, has performed his task as a scholar, as a man of affairs, and as a clear writer. After a brief statement of underlying principles, he not only traces the Socialistic movement historically, but also characterizes its forms in various countries. His conclusion is well balanced.

John Spargo. Capitalist and Laborer and Modern Socialism. Charles H. Kerr Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

A good-tempered but keen reply to two critics of Socalism, Goldwin Smith and W. H. Mallock.

John Spargo. The Substance of Socialism. B. H. Huebsch, New York. $1.

In which the exposition of a broad-minded and flexible type of Socialistic theory is chiefly incidental and subsidiary to the removal of certain misconceptions and misrepresentations regarding Socialism.

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work each person will do, provide for the care of children, and distribute wealth more or less equally among all the people.

Among English-speaking peoples, and particularly among Americans, this common conception has been derived very largely from a single work of fiction, very popular a generation ago—Bellamy's "Looking Backward." This book represents a type of Socialism that once was predominant. For convenience it may be called Utopian Socialism. It has now become almost obsolete—at least in that crude and yet impressionistic form which, because it was imaginative and pictorial, easily appealed to the casual reader, and left in his mind a rather definite image.

The early Socialists were Utopians. They lived at the time when the introduction of machinery was comparatively new and the hardships which it caused were an unaccustomed and apparently growing evil. Men whose manual skill as hand workers had lost its value were thrown out of work by the new forces that other men had harnessed. The opposition to machinery was proving futile. Efforts at amelioration of suffering seemed slow. Then it was that people of humane mind, seeing the wrong endured by human beings as the result of environment, tried to imagine what an ideal state of society would be, or visualized conditions as they would like to have them become. One such Socialist would devise one kind of Utopia, another would devise another. Each in his turn announced his faith that all would be well if his plan were only adopted. One after another several of these plans were actually put into operation; but of course they could not affect general conditions, and did not long survive. These Utopian Socialists, however much they differed, agreed in believing that a remedy for social wrongs would be supplied by some device or set of devices. A general, perhaps dominant, idea was that all property should be held in common. Nowadays these men would be called Communists. Some of them were in theory Anarchists—that is, they believed that an ideal state of society, such as would bring about conditions of happiness, would be altogether free from the exercise of any sovereign authority, for, they argued, if their devices could be adopted, every one would be happy, no one would want to hurt his fellow-men, and there would be no need of any police power. This fact accounts, in great degree, for the popular tendency to lump Socialists and Anarchists together. In fact, many Anarchists to-day expect that the outcome of the Anarchist movement will be a sort of communism. In the modern sense, such men are not Socialists at all, but in the earlier days they were called, and called themselves, Socialists. Proudhon was thus not really a Socialist in the sense in which that term is used nowadays; he was a communistic Anarchist. The communism he advocated does not concern us very much in these days. What is now called Socialism is very different.

At the time when Utopian Socialism was losing its vogue, because its various schemes had proved impracticable, there arose a forceful German leader, Karl Marx. Against this Utopian Socialism he made vigorous protest; and against the communistic Anarchism of Proudhon he was as scathing as he was in his criticism of the present capitalistic social order. Indeed, after having read Proudhon's book entitled "The Philosophy of Poverty," he turned about and ridiculed Proudhon in a book which, in parody, he called "The Poverty of Philosophy." Marx approached social questions from a point of view entirely different from that of the Utopians. They dreamed dreams and then worked to make them come true. Marx undertook to make a survey of human evolution, discern the forces at work, and upon his observations construct a philosophy that would explain present conditions, that would point to future developments, and that would show men who wanted to work for human welfare what course of action would accord with the evolutionary process.

Socialism since the middle of the last century has been largely dominated by Marx's teachings. During Marx's lifetime and since then there have been many Socialist leaders. The forms of Socialist theory vary in many respects. Nevertheless, modern Socialism as it appears now, a very real issue in practically all civilized countries, has its roots in the philosophy of Karl Marx.

There are, it is true, in the Socialist

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movement, men of imaginative temper who enjoy the exercise of fancying what the future has in store for mankind. Such writers as H. G. Wells in England and Jack London in America are in that sense Utopians; and many other Socialist writers show now and then a decidedly Utopian streak. Even these, however, do not construct their Utopias out of dream stuff, but out of the philosophic material that has been supplied by Marx and his associates and disciples. There are also many Socialist writers who are at odds with Marx on important points, and Socialist groups who have adopted policies that are not directly derived from Marx; but even these take Marx as a starting-point for what they regard as an advance, or for divergence. On the whole, therefore, modern Socialism is quite distinct from communism, although a modern Socialist may be a Communist; it is quite distinct from the old Utopianism, though a modern Socialist may, so to speak, think Utopianly; it is, either in a pure or modified form, Marxism.

This fact is made clear by the reading of recently published books dealing with Socialism. A list of some two dozen such books, with a brief characterization of each, is printed as a part of this article. Any reader who wishes to pursue this subject I refer to these volumes. I shall not mention them further. What I shall attempt to do is to state the Socialist theory as it appears to be common to most of these writers.

According to the modern view, Socialism is not a device or scheme for bringing about an imaginatively conceived Utopian state of society. It is rather an interpretation of economic forces and tendencies. It is based upon the proposition that all history—political, social, religious—is the product of economic conditions; in other words, that the controlling force in the life of mankind is the quest for bread and shelter.

Most of the people who write books and newspaper editorials or make speeches do not believe this. They do not know what it means to hunger, or what it means to live in fear of seeing their children exposed to the cold. The great mass of men are inarticulate; and it is these who live close to necessity. They are driven from place to place, or held fast to one spot, by this controlling force of impending hunger and exposure. On others, higher in the scale of life, this economic pressure is felt less obviously, but just as directly; and, through those beneath them, indirectly as well.

The theory that this economic pressure is the determining force in human evolution is commonly called the materialistic conception of history. This phrase is not used to convey the idea that the life of man is purely materialistic. On the contrary, among those who hold to this theory are to be found genuine idealists. The phrase simply means that economic forces, as distinguished from racial or political forces, are dominant. It ought to be called rather the economic conception of history.

According to this view, mankind has been divided from early days into classes in accordance with economic interest and economic status. So it was in Greece, so in Rome. In the Middle Ages the feudal system was primarily an economic system, and the feudal classes economic classes. To-day, from this point of view, there are also great economic classes under an economic system created by the invention of machinery.

Formerly a man who made goods worked with his own tools; but with the introduction of machinery that was all changed. Production became so complex, calling for the co-operation of many workers, that no man could own the tools with which he worked. Moreover, a man could not, as he could in the older days, make things for consumption by himself and his family. Practically everything had to be made for the market. Thus the tool-owners had to get others to manipulate the tools (machinery) for them. The owners of the tools became owners of the goods. Thus has arisen a class who own the material out of which the product is made, the tools by which the product is made, and the product itself. This class constitutes the capitalists.

The capitalists are thus interested in commerce and trade. What they get in exchange for their product belongs to them. Out of it, however, they have to provide for the workers. The process of production, according to the Socialist view, thus became something like this: Certain

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material, having a certain value and belonging to capitalists, is put through a process of manufacture. At the end of the process it has an increased value. This increased value is given it by reason of the labor that has been put upon it. The difference between the value of the raw cotton and that of the cotton cloth is the measure of the value of the labor. (Of course the machinery used in the manufacture had in turn been the product of labor, which must be included in the factors of the process.) Of this increased value, or surplus value, as the Socialists call it, the capitalist takes a share. Of course a part he must pay to his employees. The less he pays, the more he retains for himself. How little he pays depends on one condition. That condition is one of keeping the laborers alive and able to work, and of enabling them to raise families for future employment. Any payment that is too small for this would result in reducing the capitalist's product. Beyond that he will pay nothing unless he must. There is thus inevitably a conflict between the capitalist class and the labor class, or proletariat.

The capitalist class, though it cannot reduce wages beyond a certain point, can reduce the labor cost by substituting more machinery, or more effective machinery, for laborers. Of course this means paying for the labor of making the machinery, but that is small compared with the labor in making the goods for consumption. If he can devise a machine that will do the work of ten laborers, then, instead of the wages of ten men, all that he has to pay is the wages of one man to manipulate the machine, plus the cost of the machine. So the capitalist class is constantly stimulating the invention of new machinery in order to get a larger share of the surplus value.

This process, however, throws many laborers out of work and creates an army of unemployed. These unemployed cease to be purchasers of goods. They do not buy shoes. They and their children go barefoot. The shoe manufacturer, however, is trying to increase his output. Finding the demand decreasing, he reduces his output. So with cloth, with building material, with food products, with all necessities. There is thus an over-production of shoes while people go barefoot, of cloth while they go ragged, of building material while they go houseless, of food while they go hungry. There is a tendency to over-production, or, what amounts to the same thing, under-consumption. This does not mean that too many shoes, or too much cloth, or too much food, is being produced for the population, but too much of all these things for the population that is able to buy them. This general tendency results in a lowering of the share that goes to the capitalist owners. To make up for this loss of market, the capitalist class tries to enlarge its market in other directions. Impelled by its powerful influence, the nation's government tries to extend its market in foreign lands. Thus the interests of one nation clash with those of others. This conflict of commercial interests is the modern cause of war and of costly armaments. Such markets as can be found do not, however, absorb all the goods. The capitalist's source of wealth is progressively reduced. At the same time the extension of the means of production through machinery and organization throws the control of capital into fewer and fewer hands. Thus, according to the orthodox Marxian view, capital becomes more and more concentrated; the army of the unemployed is constantly recruited; the rich become richer, the poor poorer; the recurrent periods of depression become more frequent; coincidently the land falls into fewer hands.

So the line between the classes becomes sharper and more definite. The struggle, too, between the capitalists and the workers (or, as the Socialists prefer to call them, the *bourgeoisie* and the proletariat) becomes more acute. Socialists declare that this class war is an inevitable product of this industrial process; that they do not create it by agitation; but, finding it in existence, lend their influence to the side whose success is essential to the welfare of society.

In this class struggle there are involved, besides the two chief classes, other groups which are related to them, but not exactly identified with them. Around the *bourgeoisie* is collected a mass of dependents who do not strictly belong to the proletariat, because they are engaged in the task of increasing the profits of the

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capitalists. To this subsidiary, *bourgeois* class belong the clerks. On the other hand, in the process of production there are many men whose work is that of supervising the production. They are really a part of the labor element. As a matter of fact, however, their interests are very largely with the *bourgeoisie*, though they are not, strictly speaking, parasitic, as the mere capitalist owner is. In between the two classes there is an intermediary class composed of those whom many Socialists call the intellectuals. They are not engaged, strictly speaking, in the operations of capitalist production. They have no part in that great process of manufacture and transportation that is peculiar to the capitalist system as distinguished from other systems of past ages. The doctors, the lawyers, the writers, and so on, are more or less independent of the whole process. Most of them, however, are, as a matter of fact, dependent upon the capitalist class; but a very large proportion, and in some communities a majority, are in sympathy with the strivings and the needs of the proletarians.

The outcome of this process, as thus outlined, leads inevitably to a catastrophe. The world market is limited. The demand for an enlargement, therefore, of the world market must reach at some time an *impasse*. The gradual reduction of the share that goes to capitalistic ownership cannot go on indefinitely. In the meantime the great increase in the concentration of wealth and the increase in the complexity of the organization of industries must also reach a limit. This capitalistic system thus bears within it the seeds of its own destruction. Ultimately, in some way, either our whole civilization must be wrecked as the civilization of Rome in another age and in another way was wrecked, or else it must develop a new form of industrial organization that will supplant the capitalistic system.

What this new organization will be, no one can exactly foretell. It is, however, somewhat foreshadowed in the minds of many Socialists by the great trusts. On the other hand, the growing element of the unemployed, or of those employed on the edge of starvation, forms a peril that possibly cannot be avoided. These distinctions of class and these perils are not created by Socialism. They are created by capitalism. They exist now. The Socialist simply recognizes their existence. Some Socialists regard this process as if it were as practically impersonal as biological evolution, and as much beyond the power of man's will to affect; but most Socialists, I think, recognize that man's will and his ability to create political and social forms are factors in this very development. They therefore believe that all those who desire to see this impending catastrophe avoided should join in bringing about certain very elementary conditions.

As a consequence of the operation of forces now at work, they believe that if this proletariat is not strengthened, the submerged tenth will become a submerged eighth and sixth and third, until it engulfs civilization. They believe, therefore, that it is to the interest of society that the proletarian class should be strengthened. It is the proletariat that really creates the values in the process of production, and it is the proletariat that represents the labor on which civilization depends. The concentrated capital which is becoming less and less remunerative to its owners must cease to be privately owned and become in some way socially owned. Thus the mere ownership of capital itself will cease to be a basis for reward, and the only basis for reward will be productive labor. How this social ownership should be encouraged and how the proletariat should be strengthened is a matter on which Socialists are not by any means altogether agreed.

The views of Marx, as they have been adopted and modified by his followers, have in recent years been vigorously criticised by those who in general accept his interpretation of economic development. There is a group of Socialists, known as revisionists, who believe that, although capital is becoming concentrated in fewer and fewer concerns, it is becoming more widely distributed in the hands of individuals. It also believes that land is becoming more widely distributed in ownership, and that there is not the increase in poverty or increase in the frequency of commercial depression that the Marxians declare and have expected. There is also a group of Socialists who advocate what is known as Revolutionary Syndicatism, or, as we should say, Socialistic Trade-

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Unionism. This type of Socialism is best represented in this country by the Western Federation of Miners, whose activities in Colorado have created a good deal of consternation. They belong to a radical group. Many Socialists mix in with their theories views on the family and on moral standards that are not necessarily involved in the Socialistic interpretation of history.

On the practical side, Socialists advocate measures which will assist the process of change from one system to another. Some Socialists believe this best done by hastening the catastrophe. Others believe the chief thing is to strengthen the proletariat. Still others, agreeing to this, urge measures that will modify the pains and inconveniences of the change.

All Socialists are agreed that the inevitable consequence of present tendencies is a new order of society, as distinct from the present capitalistic or wages system as that is distinct from feudalism. They all agree that under that order of society those tools or instruments of production that are socially used—that is, used by bodies of men rather than by independently working individuals—will be socially owned. As to what the nature of social ownership will be they do not pretend to agree. Many of them speak of the owner as the State; but when they begin to exercise their imaginations on this subject, they show as great a difference among themselves as any other set of people would. They all agree that compensation will be, not in return for the mere ownership of something, but for some kind of real service rendered. Very few seriously suggest that an arbitrary division of wealth will be customary; but very few, on the other hand, seem to have made any serious study to discover what present tendencies indicate with regard to recompense for service. There is, however, nothing inconsistent with the Socialist theory in the methods adopted under modern management for the scientific study of labor operations and the payment in accordance with the work done as thus ascertained.

Socialism has had the advantage of the fact that its chief critics have not seemed to know or care what it really is. Such writers as Guyot and Mallock have attacked the surface things. If Socialists are wrong, they will not be set right by attacks on what is not essential. Even their opponents will do well to try to understand them.

Since Socialism is not a device, it is not a sound criticism of a Socialist to show that he cannot lay out a scheme of organization of society. Since Socialism is not in essence an imaginatively conceived Utopian state, it is not a sound criticism of a Socialist to show that he cannot tell what, in the course of the future development of property and industry, will happen to a man's wheelbarrow or his piano.

Fair criticism of Socialism as such consists in questioning its fundamental philosophy. It is fair, therefore, to attack Socialism on at least these four points: the economic interpretation of history; the idea of surplus value; the so-called class struggle; the view that socially used tools will tend to be socially owned.

There is one other point on which Socialists seem to be agreed, although it is not essential to the Socialist theory—this is the view that it is desirable to secure the economic independence of women as a class. It is not unreasonable to attack Socialism on this point—or, in fact, on any specific proposals of Socialist platforms.

Socialists have rendered a great service to modern society. They have described with force the symptoms of social ills; they have analyzed them acutely; they have made it clear that these symptoms indicate an organic disease; and they have offered a diagnosis and prescribed a remedy specific enough to make it necessary for any one, in order to answer them, to formulate a clearer diagnosis and suggest a better treatment. They have shown that these social ills cannot be accounted for by ascribing poverty to thriftlessness and incompetence. They have shown that for the removal of these ills something is necessary besides making people better. They have shown that recurrent periods of distress are not inevitable, but that they cannot be reached by mere currency legislation. They have shown to hundreds of thousands the moral bearing of economic questions. They have given at the same time scientific standing and popular currency to the idea that property rights must stand aside for human rights.

I have thus far tried to state in general

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terms the principles and forces which underlie Socialism as a movement without criticising it. Certain criticisms, however, seem to me to be justly applicable to the Socialist movement. These can perhaps best be stated in a personal form.

There are several reasons why Socialists are not likely to accept me as a "comrade."

In the first place, I do not believe that economic forces are as uniformly dominant as they think. Wars have been fought for sheer love of fighting, for devotion to a leader or to an idea, for race prejudice, for pure fanaticism—for a great many reasons that are not essentially economic. I think that the very fact that government will deal more and more with economic questions gives ground for believing that other than economic causes will affect, not only political action, but even economic development.

In the second place, I do not see, at least as clearly as a "comrade" should, the lines of demarcation in the "class struggle." In fact, the separation between the classes, so far from becoming more and more acute, it seems to me, is becoming more and more subject to modification. At least there is reason for believing that the numbers of Americans who have interests both as laborers and as capitalists will increase.

In the third place, I think that the transition from our present industrial system to one in which the tool-users will be tool-owners will come by a greater variety of methods than a real "comrade" would welcome—by co-operative concerns, by profit-sharing, by industrial savings institutions, and the like; in other words, more informally than the Socialist programme allows.

In the fourth place, I do not believe that economic development is going to follow the lines of any philosophy; it will be partly the result of the increasing application of science to industry, and partly the result of the habit, inherited from England, of making institutions by the method of trial and error. In other words, I expect less from philosophy than from science, and more from experiment than from either.

In the fifth place, I do not believe that women are going to be emancipated by having more industrial burdens put upon them. Economic equality does not mean identity of function. Social wrongs will not be cured by emphasizing one of the worst features of the present bad industrial system—the driving of women out into toil as breadwinners. In this respect I fear I would be counted no true "comrade."

Finally, I could not work with any heart either for the immediate programme of the organized Socialists in America or under the leadership of most of their dominant representative officials.

A PURITAN

BY MARY BALDWIN

Behind his breed stands heritage perverse;
A strange insistent pressure on a soul
That may not hark to resting. Though the way
Be spread with peace or be it where the toll
Is meted out in rending thorn and brier,
A sword relentless prods this soul's desire,
Tarrying not to question sweet alarms
That Love calls after. Through a mist of tears
He leaves unheeded, wistful outstretched arms
Young Life holds vainly. Neither joy nor fears
May lull the tempest driving o'er the skies
Of this God's Chosen; martyr, prophet, fool—
His flaming sword untempered in the pool
Where lesser mortals drink of Compromise.

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A PLEA FOR CAT'S FOOT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I HAD lately returned to the soil after some time spent in a very sophisticated atmosphere, and I fear I must have brought some of the sophistication back with me—certainly a foolish thing to do, for it has little use for the soil, and the soil has less for it. Be this as it may, I was seated one morning going full tilt at a short story which in the glamour of the creative moment promised great things, when my friend Miss Jane walked in on me. Her garden sunbonnet was cocked at a rakish angle, her cheeks were delicately rosy from out-of-doors, and her eyes were alight with the true gardener's spirit. In her hands she carried some flower roots.

"I've brougnt you over a clump of those lemon lilies you liked so much," she said. "Get your trowel and come on; now's the time to set them out."

My imagination ran off the track of my story with a jolt.

"Oh, Miss Jane, I *am* glad to get the lilies," I cried, "but I can't possibly stop now to plant them. I'm right in the *middle* of my literary career."

Miss Jane looked at me for a brief moment, then she gave a little toss to her head, "Career?" she said. "Cat's foot!"

My mouth dropped open and I stared at her, dumfounded. Then something snapped within me, and I burst into roars of laughter. To couple cat's foot with career! Shades of the sophisticated atmosphere! Heavens! There if one spoke of one's career, whether it happened to be pressed leather, slums, or symphonies, one did so with bated breath, and one's friends all went immediately, as it were, upon tiptoe; and now—*cat's foot!* Again the laughter overwhelmed me. I threw down my pad and pencil and jumped up. "All right, Miss Jane, come along," I cried, and together we went out into the pleasant May sunshine and did our gardening, and I did so, not because I like, nor is my temper one to stand, much interruption when I am at work, but because I realized that I had drifted into an ungodly—yes, really ungodly—frame of mind; in which state I stood sorely in need of the frank and healthy application of cat's foot.

After Miss Jane was gone I returned to my story, but found that my story would not return to me, so I fell to looking over the new stock of ideas that I had lately acquired and trying their value by the light of cat's foot. I was horrified and amused to discover how very few of them there were that could stand the test, but was greatly comforted to see that the eternal values came out of it as eternal and as valuable as ever.

Having performed the operation of cat's foot upon myself as honestly and searchingly as one ever does criticise one's self—for at home one is always aware of so many extenuating circumstances—I turned with gleeful relief to my acquaintances, and applied the phrase with a light-hearted abandonment to some of their most cherished ideas.

Careers came first, because Miss Jane had shown me how fascinating career and cat's foot may be in conjunction, and because certain of my acquaintances have tried my patience by the intense and sacred attitude that they adopt toward any form of occupation. Too many of us, I think, are pursuing little two-for-a-cent arts with a ridiculous sentimentality. We need a good healthy jolt like cat's foot to make us realize that our little pursuits, while no doubt very amusing and interesting to ourselves, are a matter of some million miles behind the Real Thing, and that even the Real Thing should be robust enough to stand alone. I fancy that a true gift or calling, a genius for anything, is one of the strongest, most overwhelming, realities in the world, and requires no ridiculous coddling. The man who is going to do big things will do them whether circumstances are propitious or not. We belittle our great people when we make their way too sentimentally easy. By all means, see, if possible, that they are provided with the necessities of life, but beyond that let them work out their own salvation, knowing that if they have genius they have one of the most tre-

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mendous things in the world, that must surely be imperviously able to take care of itself without an oversolicitous attention from friends.

But, after all, it is not of genius that I mean to write, but rather of the pleasant little occupations that we take with such amusing seriousness. There is a wearisome elaboration of mind, a deification of little things, that is sorely in need of cat's foot. We build about our undertakings defensive walls of sentiment that our friends are supposed to respect, and that, worst of all, they *do* respect, unless we are lucky enough to have a good, healthy, clear-eyed Miss Jane for a friend.

"Minnie does not give the time that she should to her work," a lady said to me. "She ought very firmly to set aside certain hours every day for it, and not *allow* herself to be interrupted then; but, of course, her mother, being an invalid, demands a good deal of her time."

"And what is Minnie's work?" I asked, duly impressed.

"Hammered brass," I was told. "She makes really beautiful little pin-trays."

And, of course, who is mother that she should interfere with Minnie's pin-tray career? (Cat's foot!)

Of course it is one thing to approach our friend's occupation on sentimental tiptoes, and quite another to go "heavy foot" over them in our clumsiest orthopedic shoes; and certainly, if there is no middle course, by all means let us tiptoe rather than trample. But may not a judicious use of cat's foot point the way to a joyous and sane path, where one neither tramples nor tiptoes, but walks honestly by the light of humor?

From people with careers I turned to other acquaintances, and applied the phrase with keen relish, among others to the lady who, seated in her luxurious drawing-room, informed me with a little worried frown that "really the serving of afternoon tea was quite a problem"!

Oh, these problems and tragedies of the well-to-do!

Together with afternoon tea the telephone presents its difficulty.

"Well, I just *had* to have mine taken out—my friends *would* call me up at meal-times."

Oh, cat's foot! What if they did? The jumping up to answer them was probably very good for your digestion, and you were the lucky woman, anyway, to have a friend to call you up!

I remembered, too, being seated at the captain's table on board a big ocean liner while a gentleman opposite informed the world at large that it was quite impossible for him to breakfast comfortably without a finger-bowl. He was fat, and he was pompous, with red rolls of double chin, and if his name wasn't Samuel Selfmade it should have been, and if his boyhood's table ever saw a finger-bowl *my* name is Dennis. (No, I don't apologize for the slang; I glory in it!) As I think of him, how I should have liked—now that Miss Jane has shown me how—to meet his remark with a good frank "Cat's foot!"

We seem nowadays to have more expressions of condolence to offer to the lady who has to wait for her carriage after the opera or the gentleman who must eat his breakfast without a finger-bowl than we have for the father and mother whose only child is dying of tuberculosis. We have so trained our sympathy down to the little things that it is paralyzed by the big and terrible realities.

And, by the way, how the great strong words of the language must hate being dragged down for the use of finger-bowls and afternoon tea!

How terribly afraid we are of any discomfort! My Lord the Body, how we pad him about, and how we dread any shock to his nerves!

Some of us are even in danger of thinking that good health is the end and aim of religion. I read not long ago of a woman who was out of health, and, having tried everything without avail, decided at last to see what a belief in God would do for her. She accepted faith tentatively, as a sort of working possibility, and the first thing she noticed under this new attitude of mind was that she began to breathe more deeply and chew her food longer.

Now, I am sure that religious belief does make one breathe and chew better, but, gracious heavens! is that the *first* thing we expect of it? In the old days they used to look first for a change of heart, not a change of digestion.

O my Lord the Body! He is badly in need of a little indifference, of the appli-

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cation of a few good cat's foots—or cat's feet (I leave it to the elect to say which is the correct plural). Only, of course, these cat's feet (or foots) should be for the doctor to say, or for the patient to say to himself. The heedless friend who applies them runs the risk of being deeply and tragically sorry. And, after all, really the best manner of taking cat's foot is to take it to one's self. In other words, I was certainly more benefited by the vigorous application of it that I accepted from Miss Jane than I was by all the C. F.'s I administered to my friends—much as I undoubtedly enjoyed the exercise.

And, to go back to the body, what a difficult task it is, this trying to keep up to date in what is good for one and what bad! A friend of mine says that in his boyhood the yolk of the egg was considered the nourishing portion. Now it is the white, and he does not doubt that by the next generation it will be the shell. This is quite true, and in these days of quick change and the explosion of old-established ideas it is really impossible for the lay mind to keep abreast of the times in the matter of health; so why attempt it? Why not make trial of a little indifference and fearlessness?

In this extreme anxiety over our comfort and health we are terribly afraid of any good, wholesome blast of life. It would be all right, or at least more reasonable, to wrap ourselves up in pink tissue paper if we happened to be in a pink tissue paper world, but it's the same grim old world that it always was, and to each of us, no matter how frantically we seek to hide, life comes sooner or later to clap on the thumbscrews. Therefore, instead of pulling the tissue paper over our heads, it would certainly seem wiser, if nothing more, to exercise ourselves a little in discomfort, seeing that we have to live in a world that cannot always be comfortable.

And how, too, we seek to wrap our children about from the blasts of life! We give them no chance to see which they like best, reality or the padded cell, but stuff them willy-nilly into the latter, crippling them for any desire for anything else.

I remember one day passing through whole ranks of well-ordered children and coming at last to the Shaw monument, where I paused a few minutes to look down over the Common. Presently, as I stood there, I heard behind me a little clatter of running feet. I turned to look, and there was a whole company of little boys—dirty, unkempt little boys, with the biggest, brightest eyes I ever saw—who had suddenly surrounded the monument. I should say their average age was five. Some ran a little older, to seven, possibly, and some went quite down to the obscurity of three. Without a moment's hesitation two of the seven-year-olds began to boost a smaller boy up to the lower part of the monument, but they were not very successful in the attempt, and time and again the small climber slipped scrambling to the ground. At last I spoke to them.

"What do you want to get up there for?" I asked, and a sudden tense quiet fell upon them, much like the frightened alertness of wild animals; but, after all, I was not a policeman, and so in a moment they mustered courage to explain.

"He wants de man's sword—he's goin' to run 'way an' be a soldier," one of them told me; and another, with sudden big eyes, asked breathlessly, "If he gits up dere, will de horse bite him?"

Just for a moment longer they stood about me, and then, on a sudden impulse, they turned at once, and all ran clattering away again, bound, I doubt not, on some other eager quest. It was as though a flock of sparrows had alighted beside me for a bright moment, and then on the instant all flown away. They were as free as spirit or air, and, of course, that is no way for a child to be brought up; and yet, as I thought of the well-ordered children, I wondered if they ever had half the fun, the romance of life, that this little adventurous company were tasting in assisting their star member to become a soldier.

And, dear me! How careful they are of what children are taught nowadays! A small boy I heard of the other day, after reciting some very literary production on Christmas, was asked if he knew "The Night Before Christmas." "I've read it," he returned, "but my teacher thinks that's hardly worth while." Hardly worth while! *Cat's foot!*

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One remembers that Mrs. Browning says—

"We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits . . . so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassion'd for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

We seem in everything to be always counting costs and never gloriously forgetting ourselves.

As for the children, however, I am not sure but that they constantly break over all the sentimental barriers with which we seek to surround them and look with their bright, clear eyes upon real life. I remember the story of two children walking in front of their elders along the seashore.

"There's a dead fish," one of them was overheard to say.

"Yes," said the other; "but hush, mother thinks it's asleep."

Careful child—not to let his wider knowledge shock mother!

I think, too, that there is a sentimentality toward animals that is getting dangerously near the cat's foot line. Now I am extremely fond of animals, and would not willingly harm one of them for worlds, but I confess that when I see a little dog on a muddy day tricked out in four ridiculous rubber boots I am moved to an irritation so extreme that even cat's foot is not strong enough to express my feelings. Heavens above! Not content with padding ourselves about, must we insist on wrapping our poor animals up as well?

What self-respecting dog—I ask any one acquainted with animals—can look another in the face if he has on *rubber boots?* But I forget; these little gilded dogs are not expected to have the honor and glory and danger of looking another dog in the face.

It's a blighting and timorous age when even the animals must go softly all their days.

In my childhood I was closely associated with a cat whose individuality has stamped itself indelibly upon my mind. In her innocent blue-eyed kitten days she was sweetly christened Lucy Grey, on account of her gentle color, but with the advancing years her hardihood, her wickedness, her ingenuity, and her sense of humor made of her such an old reprobate that the guileless Lucy Grey became Old Luce. I loved that cat extremely, and I loved her as much for her wicked ways as I did because she sometimes condescended to accompany me to bed and purr me to sleep. (Oh, dear, yes! I know it was very unhygienic.) She was very amiable on these occasions, and if she dropped off to sleep first the administration of a little shaking was all that was necessary to make her take up the thread of her purr where she had left off. She had the ability of assuming fine-lady airs at will, though at heart she was always a gutter-snipe. She delighted to put on airs and insult the cook—always her sworn enemy. I have seen her walk by the kitchen door with an excess of refined dignity, her tail twitching, her head up, and her whiskers implying that she smelled something unpleasant. It never failed to provoke the cook to a tirade.

"Go on in de house, you ole white-folks' cat, you! Don' you come walkin' by my kitchen daterway—I know I's black jes' as well es you do—but jes' you *wait* till I catches you on de table!"

And catch her on the table we all did over and over again. She stole for the sheer love of sport. She preferred to get up on the table and stick her head into the milk pitcher when there was a saucer of the very same milk set for her upon the hearth. Oh, she *was* an old reprobate! I have seen her get most terrible whippings from the cook—whippings the sight of which reduced me to tears and impotent pleadings—and I have seen her, intrenched upon the parlor table, keep three yappy dogs at bay, the while she left swift, deft imprints of her claws upon any barking nose that came too near her ladyship; and only once did I ever see her thoroughly unnerved. That happened the summer a boy cousin came to stay with us. He had an extreme tenderness toward all animals. From the first the life of high adventure that Old Luce led filled him with horror, and one day I came through the dining-room to find him bending solicitously over her, holding her firmly while he stroked her.

"Hush!" he said in a scared voice;

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" don't say anything. I've just saved poor Lucy from an awful whipping. She was up on the table, and I took her off, so that the cook shouldn't catch her. " Poor pussie !" he went on, stroking her gently ; " poor old pussie !"

I looked at Old Luce, and never shall I forget the horrified consternation of her expression. Doing a flying leap from the table and a sprint for life round the dining-room she was used to ; defending herself from the dogs she gloried in ; upsetting lamps and singeing her tail was nothing ; but to be *lifted* from the table—to be stroked—to be addressed as " Poor Lucy !" No wonder it unnerved her ! She felt that the screen had been drawn about her bed, and there was nothing for her but death to follow.

In sheer pity I stamped my foot and cried out : " *Luce !* you old scoundrel !"

She gave one joyous bound and was free. With a quirk to her tail she scudded around the table, out of the open window, and away. This was the sort of thing she was used to. It restored instantly her spirit and self-confidence. But *she* was a sport, and if she could look now upon the cotton-wool age that her descendants have fallen upon I feel sure it would make her turn in her grave.

I heard of a gentleman, not long ago, who desired to secure a dog to be sent to a pleasant home in the country, some distance away. Accordingly he went to an institution where little orphan dogs were to be had for adoption, and selected one which appeared to be suitable.

" Will any one accompany the puppy to his new home ?" he was asked by the matron in charge.

" No, he will be boxed and sent alone."

" Then we are sorry, but it will be impossible for you to take him : we cannot have him travel alone."

Cat's foot !

Compare the story of this pampered pup to the other story of the dog traveling by himself. A kind lady sees him on the platform and turns to the station-master.

Kind Lady : " Where is the little dog going ?"

Station Master : " *I* don't know, an' *he* don't know ; he's done e't his tag."

Personally I prefer, of the two, the sporting pup, who dared eat his tag and leave all to fate, to the one who required some one to hold his paw through every tunnel.

In these cut-and-dried and timid days I've often wished I had the nerve to eat my own tag—to forget for a little while just when I was going and where I belonged. Oh, it's a dangerous doctrine, I know ; but couldn't we all, perhaps once in every ten years, say, have a new kind of Tag Day, when all of us, in a spirit of delightful adventure and recklessness, should eat our tags, and, trusting all to Providence, " gloriously forget " ourselves for a heaven-sent period ?

How drearily we count the costs nowadays ! Will this occupation be the very best for me ? This exercise, this form of diet, bring me the best returns in health ? This friend be worth while if I assign to him some of my precious time ?

Oh, cat's foot ! Let us gloriously forget occasionally !

" Yes, I know, we take ourselves too seriously," says a troubled friend at this point, and then, because she is so worriedly serious, she adds a little more serious worry to the whole burden, and so goes on round and round, piling up more and more trouble, like the snake with his tail in his mouth. Is the metaphor mixed ? Then let me mix it thoroughly by saying that what we really need to cut all this Gordian knot of over-anxiety is just a good healthy " Cat's foot !"

Or perhaps, after all, what we *really* need is summed up in those seven words of Browning's :

" Trust God, see all, nor be afraid."

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LIFE UNDER PRESSURE: A LENTEN SERMON

BY THE REV. EDWARD JUDSON

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. xi. 28.

THESE familiar and musical words of Jesus suggest to us as a Lenten thought, *life under pressure;* and we shall think first of *pressure*, and then of *relief.*

The thought of *pressure* runs all through this saying of Christ, emerging no less than five times, in words and phrases descriptive of effort put forth in doing and bearing, as: ye that *labor;* ye that are *heavy laden;* take my *yoke;* my *yoke* is easy; my *burden* is light. And one instinctively inquires what the specific pressure or burden is to which the expressions point. It will not do to stop with the general thought of Jesus as Christus Consolator, bringing relief to all the burdens that flesh is heir to. The great Teacher must have had in mind some special sorrow that rested like a nightmare upon the minds of the people to whom he was speaking. In these gracious words he addresses himself to the relief of the pain which proceeds from *a sense of unfulfilled moral obligation.*

How much of the uneasiness of our life arises from our failure to meet requirements of various kinds! We find ourselves in a situation where more is expected of us than we can possibly achieve. Stretch our natures to the utmost, and we cannot cover the requirement. This is a pain peculiar to civilization, and especially infests large towns. We are like some poor hen that is trying to stretch herself to cover six dozen eggs instead of such a reasonable number as the warmth of her body can adequately penetrate and fertilize. In almost every trade and business and profession we have to keep up a killing pace in order to do what is expected of us. The question is not so much how to succeed, but how to succeed and at the same time keep alive.

This experience of unrest pervades the educational world. The scholar's lot is to labor and to be heavy laden. Much study is a weariness of the flesh, especially when a student's motive is not mere passion for knowledge, but the desire to compete with others or to fulfill the expectations and predictions of others. Browning states that Hazlitt wrote his essays, as he somewhere tells us, merely to send them to some one in the country who always prophesied he would be something. Even little children grow prematurely old in trying to keep up with the educational procession and in endeavoring to fulfill the expectations of their parents and teachers. We seem to have forgotten the old adage:

> "Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare;
> But let the little colt go bare."

The grade of requirement is constantly being raised in our schools. One goes to college nowadays not so much to learn as to have learned. And the student is sometimes handicapped by not having had a good preparation in some study or other. So his competitors forge past him. He wakes up in the morning with the thought of the essay to write or the examination to pass. And, no matter how hard he works, he finds it impossible to win the unqualified praise of his teacher. He seems to languish in the shadow of general disapproval. However hard he tries, he cannot come up to what is required of him.

This same kind of mental pain makes itself felt in our homes. Many a servant, I doubt not, thinks to herself, "No matter how hard I try, I can never bring a smile of approval to my mistress's face or a word of praise to her lips." It seems ingrained in domestic human nature for us to complain when things go badly, and never express our pleasure upon their going well. How careful we should be to drop an occasional word of appreciation into humble lives which are lived by our side and are so closely interwoven with our own well-being!

Many a faithful wife whose work is never done, and whose personality more

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than any other one thing constitutes the bond that keeps the little home together, has come habitually to feel that she falls hopelessly short of what is expected of her, and droops in the consciousness of neglect and disesteem. I do not wonder at the bitter apostrophe placed by a poet on the lips of a dying wife:

"Carve not a stone when I am dead,
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To women's graves, a tardy recompense,
But speak them while I live.
Forget me when I die; the violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue
Nor miss thy tears; e'en nature's self forgets:
But while I live be true."

Indeed, the higher the work we do, the more we are dogged by discontent. It is only in lower kinds of work that even approximate perfection can be achieved. One sometimes almost envies the bootblack that polishes one's shoes. He can do it so well that no one else can do it better. But all higher work is encompassed with vast spaces of unachieved perfection. We think how much better we ought to do it, and how much better some one else would do it. How much, for example, is expected of a minister! He needs to be almost an impossible man. He must be preacher, pastor, organizer, financier, educator, and social functionary—indeed, all kinds of a man combined in one. He must keep surpassing himself. If he preaches a good sermon one Sunday, he must preach a better one the next. It is the vast and varied requirements of metropolitan ministry that have shortened the lives of such men as Babcock and Purves and Richards and Lorimer and Huntington and Donald; and the same kind of strain is felt in every other profession.

But it is in the *moral* sphere that we feel most poignantly the uneasiness that proceeds from our coming short of what is required of us. It is the burden of unfulfilled *moral* obligation that Jesus addresses himself to relieve when he says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The people to whom he spoke were bowed down under the burden of the Mosaic law. They found themselves wandering about in a vast jungle of moral and ceremonial requirements. The law, sufficiently elaborate and complex of itself, was supplemented by numerous and minute traditional regulations that had grown up around it. These legal prescriptions the people were required to keep in every detail. Otherwise the displeasure of Jehovah rested upon them. "This people, who knoweth not the law, are cursed." And besides, they were taught that whosoever kept the whole law, and yet offended in one point, was guilty of all, as the slightest puncture causes a collapse in the tire of a bicycle and in the pleasure of the rider. Their Pharisaic teachers gave them no relief, but rather bound heavier burdens and more grievous to be borne, and laid them on men's shoulders, but themselves would not move them with one of their fingers. The people were in an evil case. The dark shadow of a curse had fallen upon their lives. And it was to them that Jesus said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It is this same feeling of having come short of the fulfillment of moral requirement that makes us uneasy. The look over our shoulder is anything but reassuring. We recall the innocence of childhood, life's page as yet unstained by sin; and the evil we have done since that far-off day makes us sorry. We think of the bright ideals of our youth as yet unfulfilled. We recall people made worse by us instead of better, when we were perhaps the only link connecting them with heaven. We think perhaps of the years that have passed without our becoming Christians, and now there seems so little left of life to give to Christ! As the song has it:

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun."

You remember your cowardice just at the time when you should have been brave; the unkind word spoken to some little child, whose pale face you cannot get out of your mind. Who is unacquainted with the remorse pictured by George Eliot in one of her most exquisitely pathetic sentences: "Oh, the anguish of the thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we

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gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence that we showed for that sacred human soul that lived so close to us and was the divinest thing God had given us to know!" Who of us is an entire stranger to the experience of such remorse? Who does not share Matthew Arnold's vain regret:

"Ah! not the nectarous poppy lovers use,
Nor daily labor's dull Lethæan spring,
Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
Of the soiled glory and the trailing wing."

It is exactly to this kind of mental pain that Jesus speaks in soothing and healing tone: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But these words of Christ which occupy our Lenten meditation suggest, not only *pressure*, but *relief*. They afford balm for the uneasiness that arises from the consciousness of moral requirements unfulfilled. In the text, or close by it, how many phrases we find descriptive of relief from burden! "I will give you rest." "Ye shall find rest." "My yoke is easy." "My burden is light."

And the question at once arises, How does Christ give rest to the spirit burdened with the sense of default? Certainly Christ does not lighten the burden of moral requirement; as if one should take the load off some poor heavy-laden beast of burden and turn him out to grass. The human spirit needs the severest pressure of moral requirement. Even in business life sudden release from long-continued effort and care seems almost fatal. We do not want our burdens removed, but that we be strengthened to bear them. We all need weights hung on us to make us run smooth and true. Christ did not come to remove our burdens, but to energize us under them.

Christ in reality aggravates our burdens. He found men unable to keep the Mosaic law, and, instead of mitigating its requirements, he proceeded to intensify and to deepen them. To hate is to kill. The unclean look and thought are adultery. It is as if you found some paralytic trying in vain to climb over a fence, and, instead of lowering the bars to his feebleness, you should add several feet to the height of the fence. But what difference would that make, if you gave him wings? Christ raises the grade of moral requirement, and at the same time inspires in man the enthusiasm to surmount it. He never accommodates his ethics to our ideals. Peter asks the naïve question: "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? until seven times?" It is as if he said: "I am willing to forgive seven times; but is there no limit to forgiveness? Does the time never come when I may stop forgiving him?" Human nature always wants some vest-pocket rule of morals. But Peter does not get a very comfortable answer to his question: "I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven." Christ makes the requirement of forgiveness infinite in its reach. Again, a scribe once asked Jesus: "And who is my neighbor?" As if he should say: "Why, yes, I believe in loving my neighbor. But has the term neighbor no limit? Is there not some boundary-line in humanity where I may leave off loving?" Jesus replies with the parable of the Good Samaritan, in which he teaches that our neighbor is not merely the man that lives next door to us or belongs to our race; but neighborhood embraces all mankind, and pain makes all humanity kin. It is very clear that Christ does not relieve our moral situation by bending his code of ethics, like a leaden rule, to fit our low ideals.

How, then, does Christ gives us rest, even though he aggravates our burden of guilt? He inspires us with the consciousness of divine forgiveness. Now forgiveness is simply the form which God's love assumes when it rests upon a sinner. Behind and around and within the whole material universe is God, the infinite and eternal energy from which, according to Herbert Spencer, all things proceed. Christians think of him as a Spirit, a being who thinks and wills. It cannot be but that he is as richly endowed with consciousness and personality as we are who proceed from him. We even conceive of him as one who loves—a heavenly Father, dimly reflected from the tranquil surface of the Old Testament and literature, but clearly and resplendently unveiled to us in Jesus Christ, the effulgence of his glory and the very image of his person. While these transcendent Christian truths cannot

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be mathematically demonstrated, yet the probability, the sweet reasonableness, of them can be established, and then, if by an act of what is called faith, we take them as our working hypothesis, and throw the whole weight of our life upon them, living as though they were true, in some such way as shipwrecked mariners commit themselves to logs lashed together into a raft, they so fit into our experiences and meet our deepest aspirations, and so perfectly conserve all that is worth living for—the State, the family, our own personal character—that we arrive, little by little and ultimately, at a certitude that amounts to a mathematical demonstration; and "the great perhaps" becomes in our minds an absolute certainty. "O taste and see that the Lord is good."

The distinctive message of Christianity is that God loves man. There is almost nothing in the New Testament about our loving God except as quoted from the Old Testament. In the Old Testament God says, "Love thou me." In the New Testament he says, "I love thee." It is a new and irresistible way of approach. This differentiates Christianity from every other religion known among men. In Christ's personality we read God's love to us translated and writ large. God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. Jesus not only taught us to pray, "Our Father who art in heaven," but he said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." In every true sense Christ is the heavenly Father, indeed all of God that the human mind can comprehend. Profound as the mystery seems, in Christ Jesus God himself suffered and died for us, since the highest love always manifests itself in supreme self-sacrifice.

"So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!'"

Now for me to become a Christian is to believe that God loves me, and to be a Christian is to dwell in his love to me and to love others with the love with which he loves me.

The love of God to us assumes various forms according to the condition in which it finds us. When we are in need, we call it Providence. When we are in pain, we call it pity. When we sin, we call it forgiveness. I have come to feel that divine forgiveness is absolutely unconditional. We are not forgiven because we are not very bad. We are not forgiven because we are trying to be good. We are not forgiven because we are sorry for our sins. We are not forgiven because we have suffered; as the iniquity of Jerusalem was pardoned because she had received from the Lord's hand double for all her sins. In the Old Testament forgiveness is always conditioned upon the repentance and suffering of the sinner; in the New Testament repentance grows out of forgiveness. We are forgiven because we are sinners. Forgiveness is the form God's love takes when it rests upon sin. It presses evenly upon all. It beats against the closed shutters of the soul; all we have to do is to throw back the shutters and let it stream in. Faith is opening the shutters. It is believing that our sins are forgiven for the asking, because Christ died for us. It is not doing something ourselves, but depending upon what God does. It is not understanding the plan of the atonement, but accepting the fact. It is not feeling that we love God, but knowing that God loves us. Those passages which seem to condition God's forgiving us on our forgiving others are to be taken subjectively. God is not implacable because we are. But if we do not forgive others, we shall not be able to believe that God forgives us. We are sure to judge him by ourselves. When we pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," we mean, "Make us feel that our trespasses are forgiven." The only unpardonable sin is the sin of not accepting the pardon for sin which is offered us. Forgiveness does not mean that we have not sinned. The wrong things that we have done cannot be undone. Forgiveness does not mean that we are no longer guilty, the guilt having been transferred to some one else. It does not even mean that the consequences of our sin are remitted. The Hindu proverb is still true that penalty follows the sin, as the cart-wheel follows the ox. It means only that

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God loves us in spite of our sin and guilt; if anything, more tenderly because of our sin and guilt. And the discovery of this means infinite relief to the human spirit and the beginning of a new life. Even Christians are slow to believe in the fullness and freeness of God's forgiving love. "No man having drunk old wine desireth new; for he saith, The old is good." Judaic notions still linger in the minds of Christians, and indeed find a highly organized social expression in the Roman Church, which is a kind of baptized Judaism. It is thought that unconditional grace is unsafe. Man will feel free to go on sinning. On the contrary, unconditional forgiveness is the only rope that is long enough to reach to the bottom of the pit into which we have fallen. This truth seems to me fundamental to Christianity. It was the battle-ground of the Reformation.

I am well aware that God seems so unreal, and we have so little time to think about him, especially in large towns, that all this sounds like a far cry in our ears, and to one who is used to thinking that divine forgiveness involves the remission of penalty the idea that it rests unconditionally upon all, and that it is God's way of loving us in our sins, in order, as Isaiah says, to deliver us from the pit of corruption, must seem like thin air compared with

"Good, strong, thick, stupefying incense smoke."

A boy who has broken one of his father's rules and has made confession and has asked forgiveness might be somewhat disappointed to hear his father say: "Yes, I forgive you; but I must still inflict the prescribed penalty. My forgiveness consists in my loving you so much that every stroke you receive will hurt me more." But I feel sure that if we reflect upon our past sinfulness and accept once for all and unreservedly the thought that God loved us and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins, and that in a very true sense God was in Christ loving us and dying for our sins, we shall experience something of the relief conveyed in the words of Jesus: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We shall feel the truth of those simple words of Valpy which are said to have converted more people than any other human words:

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And thy salvation see;
My sins deserved eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

I hardly need to add that the conscious acceptance of divine forgiveness marks in us the beginning of a new life. We make a fresh start. "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." It is as if a school-boy who has covered his slate with a maze of figures in his prolonged effort to work out a hard example, and who has even made the matter worse by dropping hot tears on his work, should suddenly resolve to sponge off the slate and to begin anew. Divine forgiveness brings about in us a complete revolution in our attitude toward God. Our hearts respond to his forgiveness with gratitude and love. This change is set forth in the Scripture under various figures. It is called a "new heart," our affection toward God being such that we delight to do his will, as a loving daughter divines her mother's wishes and hastens to fulfill them. It is called a "new birth," as if a man becomes so different from what he was before that he seems to himself and to others to have been born all over again, another man. As Tennyson has it:

"And oh for a man to arise in me,
That the man that I am may cease to be!"

It is called a "crucifixion, death, and burial," as if the old evil self had been put out of commission as completely as when one dies. It is called a "resurrection," the better self in the man, hitherto stifled and crushed by the superincumbent mass of evil heredity and habit, suddenly asserting itself, as if one long dead were to be brought to life and to emerge from his tomb. The man, once redeemed and forgiven, no longer strives to do right of himself. He enters into St. Paul's experience: "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Through a kind of mystical union, Christ forms the very atmosphere of the Christian. The believer is in Christ, as the plant in the soil, the branch in the vine, the tiny goldfish in its watery sphere, the slave in his master, the wife in her husband. The love of Christ

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is a compelling passion that constrains him to live, not to himself, but to him who died for him and rose again. He is no longer laboring with heavy oars to pull his boat against the resistless current of evil propensity, but he spreads the sail of faith to the breath of the divine spirit and is borne steadily toward his desired haven.

THE NEW BOOKS

A book could hardly be more timely in meeting a real demand for information than Mr. James Creelman's "Diaz, Master of Mexico." Every one is interested just now to know how the man who still holds the reins in Mexico, and who has ruled the country ably and successfully for many years, acquired his power, and what he has done with it. Mr. Creelman's book is even more historical than biographical. We should not feel certain that it would be right to join unreservedly in Mr. Creelman's enthusiasm about Diaz. Undoubtedly his has been the career of the man with the strong arm; and that justice to all the citizens of Mexico has followed this autocratic exercise of power cannot be accepted without reservations. It is true, however, that Diaz has been not only a soldier and a ruler but also a statesman, and his history is that of the development of a country from a backward to a more advanced stage of civilization. In many particulars, and especially as relates to the life in the capital of Mexico, the progress made has been extraordinary, yet Mexico is far removed indeed from anything like our idea of democracy or self-government. Mr. Creelman is a facile and readable narrator, and, if we suggest that there is another side of the story which is not presented in this volume, it still remains true that the book is useful, and decidedly it is agreeable to read. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.)

"It was at all events a stroke for a crown," was the comment of Colonel Blood when he was seized with the crown of England under his coat after his famous attempt to rob the Tower of London—an attempt which came within a narrow margin of full success. Blood certainly was, as a contemporary said, "as gallant and hardy a villain as ever herded with the sneaking sect of Anabaptists." Every one knows the bare outlines of the most famous of his villainies—the attempt to steal the crown, and that in which he, with a few followers, had the impudence to seize the Duke of Ormond, his enemy, and actually to make the attempt to hang the Duke on Tyburn gallows tree, in which attempt also he very narrowly missed success. Under the title "Colonel Thomas Blood, Crown Stealer," Professor W. C. Abbott, of Yale, has told in a fascinating way the history of this remarkable man, and has made a searching investigation into the facts, some of which are still obscure. Just why, for instance, King Charles II forgave Blood's crimes and allowed the Duke of Buckingham to keep his favorite assassin in high favor is not really known; nor are the facts of the quarrel between Buckingham and Blood, and Blood's ensuing imprisonment, thoroughly understood. At all events, he died in peace and freedom and in his own house. Lovers of Scott will remember that Blood figures slightly in "Peveril of the Peak;" and it is a singular coincidence that although Scott denied that Christian, the villain of that story, was taken from a real personage, a man of the same name was, in fact, one of Blood's underlings. (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.)

The Outlook has already called attention to the peculiar excellence of Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell's "The Desert and the Sown." We now have before us another of Miss Bell's books, "Amurath to Amurath." Miss Bell is a remarkable example of woman's rights. She exercises them not in a civilized but in a decidedly uncivilized country, where indeed they would seem hardest to be exercised, and yet so successful has she been that the officials are no longer startled at her traveling alone with her tent and with her native drivers. The people have received her gladly and have made it possible for her to take such a venturesome journey as the one described in the present volume from Aleppo, down the Euphrates River to Bagdad, then up the Tigris River to Diarbekir, and finally across Asia Minor to Korea. The classical student will remember that much of this trip was covered by an earlier and more famous traveler, namely, Xenophon. Like him, Miss Bell recorded her progress day by day. Like Xenophon, she was interested in historical exploration. But she had in some respects a more interesting time than he had, for she had a greater field of archæological remains as witness to history. Valuable to us as are Miss Bell's notes on archæology and history, her book, like its predecessor, is best worth while because of its human story. Indeed, we could wish for a fuller account of the people found in "The Desert and the Sown." The book is also suggestive, in a pleasant degree, because Miss Bell has illustrated it with many photographs taken by her. The reader will lay down the volume with the feeling that, after all, the ancient Hittites are

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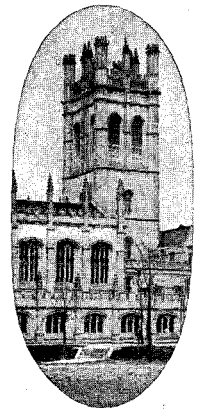

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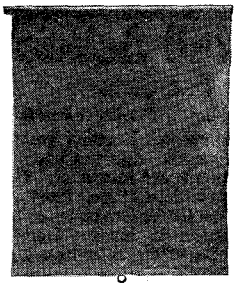

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